

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

APRIL 19, 1982

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BRITAIN'S CALL TO WAR





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VDI 95 NO. 16

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Poland's leader has reassured Communist allies that his country has returned to order. — *Page 21*

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Promotions for three Liberal insiders. Pierre Jettou becomes president of the CIO. — *Page 24*



The 'dubbing' and the duke
Zsa Zsa Gabor's old pal the Duke of Alba turns out to be the one for whom she waited. —Page 26



Two hyacinthine defeats and a host of other troubles rained Premier René Lévesque's work. — *Page 22*



A rowing virtuoso
After years abroad, wallwort
Steven Staryk finds you can't
come home again. —Page 32

McCLEARY, established 2001 as publisher and printer of the *McCleary* newspaper, is now offering. Active Toronto Office: 905-709-1111. Other offices: All Province. Recently sold: *McCleary* 1984-1991, *McCleary* 1992-1999, *McCleary* 2000-2001, *McCleary* 2002-2003, *McCleary* 2004-2005, *McCleary* 2006-2007, *McCleary* 2008-2009, *McCleary* 2010-2011, *McCleary* 2012-2013, *McCleary* 2014-2015, *McCleary* 2016-2017, *McCleary* 2018-2019, *McCleary* 2020-2021, *McCleary* 2022-2023, *McCleary* 2024-2025, *McCleary* 2026-2027, *McCleary* 2028-2029, *McCleary* 2030-2031, *McCleary* 2032-2033, *McCleary* 2034-2035, *McCleary* 2036-2037, *McCleary* 2038-2039, *McCleary* 2040-2041, *McCleary* 2042-2043, *McCleary* 2044-2045, *McCleary* 2046-2047, *McCleary* 2048-2049, *McCleary* 2050-2051, *McCleary* 2052-2053, *McCleary* 2054-2055, *McCleary* 2056-2057, *McCleary* 2058-2059, *McCleary* 2060-2061, *McCleary* 2062-2063, *McCleary* 2064-2065, *McCleary* 2066-2067, *McCleary* 2068-2069, *McCleary* 2070-2071, *McCleary* 2072-2073, *McCleary* 2074-2075, *McCleary* 2076-2077, *McCleary* 2078-2079, *McCleary* 2080-2081, *McCleary* 2082-2083, *McCleary* 2084-2085, *McCleary* 2086-2087, *McCleary* 2088-2089, *McCleary* 2090-2091, *McCleary* 2092-2093, *McCleary* 2094-2095, *McCleary* 2096-2097, *McCleary* 2098-2099, *McCleary* 2100-2101, *McCleary* 2102-2103, *McCleary* 2104-2105, *McCleary* 2106-2107, *McCleary* 2108-2109, *McCleary* 2110-2111, *McCleary* 2112-2113, *McCleary* 2114-2115, *McCleary* 2116-2117, *McCleary* 2118-2119, *McCleary* 2120-2121, *McCleary* 2122-2123, *McCleary* 2124-2125, *McCleary* 2126-2127, *McCleary* 2128-2129, *McCleary* 2130-2131, *McCleary* 2132-2133, *McCleary* 2134-2135, *McCleary* 2136-2137, *McCleary* 2138-2139, *McCleary* 2140-2141, *McCleary* 2142-2143, *McCleary* 2144-2145, *McCleary* 2146-2147, *McCleary* 2148-2149, *McCleary* 2150-2151, *McCleary* 2152-2153, *McCleary* 2154-2155, *McCleary* 2156-2157, *McCleary* 2158-2159, *McCleary* 2160-2161, *McCleary* 2162-2163, *McCleary* 2164-2165, *McCleary* 2166-2167, *McCleary* 2168-2169, *McCleary* 2170-2171, *McCleary* 2172-2173, *McCleary* 2174-2175, *McCleary* 2176-2177, *McCleary* 2178-2179, *McCleary* 2180-2181, *McCleary* 2182-2183, *McCleary* 2184-2185, *McCleary* 2186-2187, *McCleary* 2188-2189, *McCleary* 2190-2191, *McCleary* 2192-2193, *McCleary* 2194-2195, *McCleary* 2196-2197, *McCleary* 2198-2199, *McCleary* 2200-2201, *McCleary* 2202-2203, *McCleary* 2204-2205, *McCleary* 2206-2207, *McCleary* 2208-2209, *McCleary* 2210-2211, *McCleary* 2212-2213, *McCleary* 2214-2215, *McCleary* 2216-2217, *McCleary* 2218-2219, *McCleary* 2220-2221, *McCleary* 2222-2223, *McCleary* 2224-2225, *McCleary* 2226-2227, *McCleary* 2228-2229, *McCleary* 2230-2231, *McCleary* 2232-2233, *McCleary* 2234-2235, *McCleary* 2236-2237, *McCleary* 2238-2239, *McCleary* 2240-2241, *McCleary* 2242-2243, *McCleary* 2244-2245, *McCleary* 2246-2247, *McCleary* 2248-2249, *McCleary* 2250-2251, *McCleary* 2252-2253, *McCleary* 2254-2255, *McCleary* 2256-2257, *McCleary* 2258-2259, *McCleary* 2260-2261, *McCleary* 2262-2263, *McCleary* 2264-2265, *McCleary* 2266-2267, *McCleary* 2268-2269, *McCleary* 2270-2271, *McCleary* 2272-2273, *McCleary* 2274-2275, *McCleary* 2276-2277, *McCleary* 2278-2279, *McCleary* 2280-2281, *McCleary* 2282-2283, *McCleary* 2284-2285, *McCleary* 2286-2287, *McCleary* 2288-2289, *McCleary* 2290-2291, *McCleary* 2292-2293, *McCleary* 2294-2295, *McCleary* 2296-2297, *McCleary* 2298-2299, *McCleary* 2300-2301, *McCleary* 2302-2303, *McCleary* 2304-2305, *McCleary* 2306-2307, *McCleary* 2308-2309, *McCleary* 2310-2311, *McCleary* 2312-2313, *McCleary* 2314-2315, *McCleary* 2316-2317, *McCleary* 2318-2319, *McCleary* 2320-2321, *McCleary* 2322-2323, *McCleary* 2324-2325, *McCleary* 2326-2327, *McCleary* 2328-2329, *McCleary* 2330-2331, *McCleary* 2332-2333, *McCleary* 2334-2335, *McCleary* 2336-2337, *McCleary* 2338-2339, *McCleary* 2340-2341, *McCleary* 2342-2343, *McCleary* 2344-2345, *McCleary* 2346-2347, *McCleary* 2348-2349, *McCleary* 2350-2351, *McCleary* 2352-2353, *McCleary* 2354-2355, *McCleary* 2356-2357, *McCleary* 2358-2359, *McCleary* 2360-2361, *McCleary* 2362-2363, *McCleary* 2364-2365, *McCleary* 2366-2367, *McCleary* 2368-2369, *McCleary* 2370-2371, *McCleary* 2372-2373, *McCleary* 2374-2375, *McCleary* 2376-2377, *McCleary* 2378-2379, *McCleary* 2380-2381, *McCleary* 2382-2383, *McCleary* 2384-2385, *McCleary* 2386-2387, *McCleary* 2388-2389, *McCleary* 2390-2391, *McCleary* 2392-2393, *McCleary* 2394-2395, *McCleary* 2396-2397, *McCleary* 23



The guru's gospel

Comments like the ones during to sessions that some religious people disagree with "the master" (*The Gospel According to Frye*, Const., April 5). It always bothered me that Frye attracted a group of spiritual disciples, and my guess is that this is not what he had wanted either. Much better to have generated creative individuals who are their own gurus, "misled" to ordinary society."

—MONTY HERGEL,
Cookstown, Ont.

In defence of the true bias

It is true that police officers today appear to get more fish than the credit (*Chapin of Mayhem on the Beat*, Jan. 10, March 15). Our lives are richer because of them. We must be aware and learn to discriminate between the proverbial "rotten apple" and those 99 per cent who are true and fine and who deserve our loving regard.

—SILVIA R. FEELOCK,
Windsor

To state bluntly that Edmonton police "shot and killed an innocent youth who had been arguing with his mother over a TV set" ignores the fact that the person concerned was shot in the process of attempting to kick a newsman's policeman to death.

—K.F. LUNNEY,
Chief of Police,
Edmonton

PASSAGES



BREDA Actress Brenda Brink, 35, star of the soap *Love of the 70s*, after shooting herself in the hand with a handgun, in the bathroom of her Los Angeles home. The shock-mixed injury was discovered from the 10th floor. She will be in the hospital for a few days. The actress' six-year-old son, Christopher Sean Brink, died of a throat infection the same year.

WILLIARD Politician, 55, pianist, conductor and founder of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, in New York. His fame began in the U.S. where he accompanied singers, including Caruso, and conducted under the guidance of Monty and Tchaikovsky. Later, Politella became the predominant force behind a music scene in Quebec.

DEED Veteran character actor Warren Oates, 52, of a heart attack, in Los Angeles. Known for his degenerate, often psychotic characters, Oates ap-



Frye no uncritical disciples wanted

No cuts for Whitehorse copper

The caption on the photo accompanying your article *Hard Times Hit the Yukon* (Business, March 28) is extremely misleading. The implication that Whitehorse Copper Mines has made "misleading job cuts," and furthermore that our union leaders have accepted them, is totally false. The photo is undeniably of Whitehorse Copper Mines, but the quotation from the text obviously refers to United Mine Mill's operations in Goa.

—D. LINDEN,
Vice-President,
Whitehorse Copper Mines,
Whitehorse

peared mostly in western and other outdoor films including the acclaimed adaptation of James Houston's Canadian Arctic adventure *The White Dawn*. Recently Oates has been seen in *The Believer* with Jack Nicholson and as the beleaguered head of the Trask family in the TV mini-series *King of the Hill*.



REINHOLD Writer-broadcaster Den Hartog, 57, as host of CBC Radio's *Morningnews*, after five years on the job. Hartog, who will leave the show May 26, had hoped to start back with *Norwest Connection* as a film script for their hit musical *Amor de Gracia*. A replacement has yet to be chosen, though former *This Country Is The Morning Show* Peter Gougeon is said to be the front-runner.

CANONWICK Sister Marguerite Boagwag (1929-1970), cofounder of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame in Montreal. Last week, Pope John Paul II proclaimed that a miracle, necessary for sainthood, had been veri-

The tough game for Telidon

McGraw's makes a good point when it asks the question: A Carol in Telidon's Future? (Business, March 28). Perhaps it is true that the industry started to think in just such terms. It has been estimated that going into the States with a proper marketing approach would require about \$20 million. This amount of money is not easy to come by, either from government or the private sector. In the meantime, a number of companies are banding together to do what they can. Canadians don't often show that they have the stomach for the tough game of international business. In this case we have the product and the timing is right. Let's get on with it.

—DANIEL OTTOBRELLI,
President,
Parole Information Systems Ltd.,
Toronto

Heartaches for the economy

Frederick McQueen gave us a rather eloquent little piece about the economy and spring (*Down the Economy Lane*, *Spring's Column*, April 5). The question remains, however, do Canadians want to be as one of the space shuttle and have masses control from Houston—or Washington? I saw Don Rickles' *Breakdown* which was shot against the Toronto skyline, yet the characters passed American money and the film was about anti-Canada. "Was it a Canadian film?" I thought. "Oh, just so Canadian?"

—DAVID EDWARDS,
Vancouver, B.C.

FEED Although she was beheaded in 1950, the concentration camp in the 1960s looking of *Line Gantler* of Montreal. Gantler was apparently moved to Istanbul after her parents put her picture onto Rosenberg's grave and asked the man to pray for her.

WATSON Kanaletta Kana Guevara, 58, Turkish embassy official, shot twice outside her Ottawa townhome. The Armenian Secret Army for the Liberation of Armenia (ASALA), which has killed more than 30 Turkish diplomats around the world in recent years, claimed responsibility for the shooting.



APPROVED James C. Corleary, 55, as master of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, in Ottawa. Corleary, who served as deputy postmaster general from 1977 until the post office became a Crown corporation last October, replaces Yves Guérin, who has become the vice-president of marketing for Canada Post Corporation.



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The search for sacred truths

In the March 29 *Proctor*, Debonis, *Myths of Sacred Truth*, Rabbi Abraham L. Finkler writes, "The only sacred truth is that there is no such thing as sacred truth." This is accurate. There are many truths that should be termed "sacred." For example, every man must sooner or later come to realize the sacred truth that God is good. Otherwise how can he learn to love? Truth of any kind is difficult to sift from the confusion and apparent contradictions of countless writings, but it is not impossible. It takes hard work, patience and humility.

—LEONARD MESSONNETTE
Dean M.B.A. Coll.

Finding any drift takes hard work

Personality, not sound policies

David Macfarlane's profile of Dr. Stuart Smith (A Scientist's Escape From Political Runings, March 22) was very informative and enjoyable. As a voter in Ontario, I think it is a shame that people would still rather elect a personality to office, instead of someone with good, sound policies. The only problem I found with the article was that there wasn't one word about Smith's successor, David Peterson.

—JIM ANDERSON,
St. Catharines, Ont.

The preferred contraceptive

The sensational approach of your cover illustration (Living Without the Pill, March 15), and the slanted style of the article itself, does a great disservice to Canadian women. In its unbecomingly

stat-business references, the article states there is great diversity in the reputable pharmaceutical manufacturers that have worked very hard, and were successful, to provide safe and effective oral contraceptives. Wyeth Ltd. is the largest manufacturer of oral contraceptives in Canada. We were never approached by a writer, but we were surprised to be featured here that our sales of Min-Oval and Ovral, the leading oral contraceptives in Canada, increased substantially in 1981 to the highest level in our history. It can be stated with certainty that, contrary to the Impression poor article attempted to create, oral contraceptives have increased the birth control term contraceptive for women for many years in Canada.

—R. K. DODD, M.D., M.Sc.

President, Wyeth Ltd.
Toronto

Your article has succeeded only in helping confusion on an issue already fueled and distorted by the popular press. Making rare complications into a paper commonplace may attract readers and draw headlines, but does not alter the fact that they are rare. Contraceptive technology has few surprises for us in the foreseeable future. Let's not destroy the few reliable ones we have. —D.C. KITTLE
Columbus, OH

Women will not stand to be shamed by the patronizing attitude of doctors like Robert Kinch who keep facts about the risks of the Pill "short and sweet" as he to put "brimstone" women. We should be frightened, terrified in fact, because this attitude perpetuates the medical profession. —SALLY KENNEDY

The benefits of work sharing

I read with interest Carol Browne's article on job-sharing (*Unemployment: Right or Wrong*, March 22). As expected, Canadian Labour Congress President Dennis McMeekin attacked this proposal since the union movement is often against managerial reform. But wouldn't job-sharing involve a lot of problems besides unemployment, especially if it was carried out on a permanent basis? It would free people to spend more time on hobbies, with their families, doing volunteer work, or whatever. And because of the tax system, one would receive, after taxes, a larger amount of pre-tax income than when working full time. —D.A. PEASE

Never a pleasure

In his appeal to emotion, Parag Mehta alleges that the seal hunt is brutal and inhumane (Polansky, March 18). Admittedly, the killing of any animal is not inherently pleasing, particularly to people who have never witnessed the slaughter of animals from which so much of our food and clothing is obtained. Nevertheless, there is abundant evidence from autopsies performed by veterinary pathologists that a humane death is produced by the method of clubbing and bleeding-out practiced by Canadian fishermen. Extensive testing of alternate methods has shown that this is the most efficient and humane method practically available.

Program Officer (Advisory)
Communications Branch
Fisheries and Oceans
Ottawa

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Time to drain the public trough

By Rita Christopher

The man who lost his company during my hour of trial in the morning while I lay eggs, ate baby formula and fed the dog, took a morning shower, David Martinez, was striding a story about the Chicago teacher who was planned, barely at the hand of Ronald Reagan's budget cuts would impose on her. Why, with the new restrictions, the free breakfast program her children had attended would be eliminated. She admitted that the cost of providing hot cereal for her family was not over five hundred, but, she maintained, "Now that the city government is responsible for getting up in the morning and cooking."

Hardly a day passes that the media does not lament the plight of another pitiable individual thrown back on hard work and native intelligence. To be sure, systematic overhauls

of government social programs will produce massive pain and hardship in the U.S., but the real suffering has been obscured by the myriad mock hardship stories. One newspaper feature lamented the plight of a Pennsylvania family with an income in excess of \$10,000, now forced to pay 75 cents for each of their children's school lunches instead of receiving them free. New York papers wept over the fate of children cut off completely from the federally funded free-lunch program, until it developed that, despite repeated requests to return the needed eligibility forms, most of their parents had actually refused to do so. Officials speculated that some did not want to give their social security numbers lest they be caught in welfare fraud schemes.)

America has and should continue to have an obligation to improve the lot of its neediest citizens, but it does not have an obligation to make everyone middle class. The great reforms of the Roosevelt era have long since been transformed into bloated bulwarks of entrenched bureaucracy. Social security's aim now is to outstrip its ability to pay that the entire system teeters on the edge of bankruptcy. For the past seven years, more has been paid out than taken in. A recent report claims that, without action being taken, social security funding would last only six months into 1985.

Government welfare programs have become to all-pervasive that existing on them has become something of a national sport. Unemployment insurance is now occasionally regarded by well-educated middle-class workers as government-subsidized income for a job search. Recently I rode in a cab whose driver, with no sense of shame, claimed he received a total disability pension from the veterans administration of more than \$1,000 a month. When he went back to school in a few months, he maintained the amount would rise to more than \$1,500. In addition, this "totally disabled veteran" earned \$200 a night (off the books, so no taxes were paid) driving a cab. The money was so good, he said he would continue to drive even after returning to school. Simply put, while his dollars were supporting him, the cabfare was earning \$50,000 tax free. I didn't give him a tip.

Officials estimate that before Lyndon Johnson's great war on poverty, approximately 33 million Americans lived beneath the poverty line, and that after the Johnsonian largesse, there were still 28 million in want. When you consider the vast sums spent on anti-poverty programs, much of which went to pay the salaries of new government staffers, it may have been far more beneficial simply to have turned the cash directly over in lump-sum payments to those considered needy enough to qualify.

Johnson's war on poverty left the country not only with a glazed bureaucracy, but with a body politic frustrated into increasingly divided interest groups. Competitive for government grants has turned America from a land of opportunity to a land of entitlement. What characterizes the militant interest groups that coalesced in the '60s is the notion that they are entitled to government funds simply by

right of existence. Programs whose original intent was to provide resources in times of distress are now viewed as entitlement for any group clever enough to apply for them.

Just as individuals become increasingly dependent on the government, so does our national industrial life. Companies that once prided themselves on their scientific and technological innovation, as well as their bottom-line profits, now regularly look to the government to protect them from better-made products from more efficient producers in foreign countries. Government has been asked to step in with everything from trade

tariff barriers to loan guarantees.

Big-government may well not prove the panacea that President Reagan claims, but skepticism about the further claims of supply-side theory should not blind people to the obvious need to pare down notions of what government can reasonably be expected to do. It is government spending, after all, not private-sector spending, that has over the past 20 years, been the country's chief source of inflation—ever since Franklin D. Roosevelt decided the only solution to the great banking crisis of 1933 was simply to print more money.

While opponents rail away at the heartlessness of Reagan budget cuts, they fail to point out that most of the so-called slashes are simply reductions in the size of government. For half a century Americans have been governed by the belief that money and more money provides the natural solution to every social problem. Still, it is obvious that not only are the problems still here, but they appear to increase, not decrease, in almost direct proportion to the amount of money spent on them. We have produced a congenitally dependent society where a child's "daddy" has become our national savior. However explained, the reality, it is increasingly obvious, even to those who do not watch *Guns Over America*, that not only can we no longer afford free breakfasts, but in the words of that wisest of economic sages, there is no more free lunch.

Rita Christopher is a Maclean's contributing editor in New York.

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On the gilded path to sainthood

By Linda McQuig

Perched on a marble column, a gilded human figure looking much like a piece of old-fashioned Swiss cheese is a formidable sight. It is the heart of Brother André, a Quebec religious figure who founded St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal and is credited with performing hundreds of miracles there. After a turbulent history—the heart was kidnapped and held unsuccessfully for ransom before being returned in 1923—it now rests behind heavy wrought-iron bars in the oratory. On a crowded Sunday, visitors strain to get close to it. Those hoping for a miracle cure, or perhaps just a special favor, pray in front of it and stuff cash through the wrought-iron bars.

The hope of miracle cures and dreams come true has been luring visitors to the oratory for more than 60 years. And those hopes will remain as added boost next month as a special ceremony in St. Peter's Square in Rome where the Pope will officially beatify Brother André, who died in 1902. After more than 60 years of diligent efforts by oratory officials and devotees, Brother André, a former doorkeeper at a Montreal Catholic boys' school, will be declared blessed, or beatified—the second of three hurdles in the arduous path leading toward full sainthood. In order



St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal, more like a midway than a church.

to be beatified, a person must, in the opinion of the church, have an authentic reputation among believers for performing miracles. With this weighty endorsement of Brother André's powers, the annual turreting of the oratory—estimated at two million in 1992—is guaranteed to mushroom. And along with more dollars into the shrine's already overflowing coffers.

Now Montreal's number 1 tourist attraction after the old Expo site, *Man and His World*, the busy, sprawling

structure looks more like a cross between an indoor shopping mall and a midway than it does a church. Inside the main building, displays promote a contest for a free trip to Rome to witness the beatification ceremony. For 50 cents, visitors can light a candle and pray for family harmony, job satisfaction or a happy death. For bigger requests—the recovery of a sick friend or the conversion of someone who has gone astray—the candles are larger, as is the price: \$5.99. Visitors can pay to wrap themselves, or a religious icon, in a rosary or have their photos taken in a booth with a panoramic backdrop of the oratory. Souvenir shops offer the full range of mementos: facemasks, plastic Jesuses, century car decals, \$35 cardboard likenesses of Brother André and, most startling, three-dimensional color photographs portraying Christ on the cross—complete with blood, bruises and a crown of thorns. When the photograph is tilted, Christ's eyes blink open.

Although the shrine is officially dedicated to St. Joseph, the spotlight is clearly on Brother André. Innumerable artifacts from his life are on display, right down to his towels, his rubbery, knobby shoes. Key rooms have been repainted, most dramatically the hospital room where he died, complete with

Catchees left by believers in miracle cures; left: shrine with bust of Brother André; souvenir display: hopes of dreams come true.



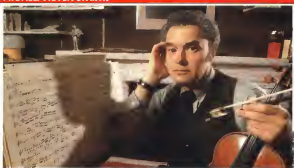
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Staryk at home, in front of Ray Thomson Hall. Life is a compromise from credit to grace—except for my music.

The return of a roving virtuoso

By Shona McKay

There is a sparsity of detail about the roving. A sense of having been thrown together for an interlude. The plain furniture is reminiscent of long waits in a doctor's office, the black walls after a show. The music itself sits quietly of Bach or Beethoven, and a violin is poised to be seen. Not one to wear a theme, Steven Staryk, erect in an upright chair, has the formal air of a visitor in his own home.

At 50, Staryk is Canada's premiere violinist. As he muses on his return to Toronto, after almost a 30-year absence in London, Amsterdam, Chicago and Vancouver, his mood reflects less a sense of coming home than of trying, living in the dark ages that are aggressive and moment, available the next. An elegant man, he pauses often to refine a sentence, to approach a phrase from a different angle. "Canada is a hockey culture," says Staryk. "It's certainly not the place to be if you want to make a career in serious music." This fall, when the Toronto Symphony opens his season at Ray

Thomson Hall, Staryk will take up the chair of concertmaster, the highest position for a violinist in an orchestra. Yet, Staryk is plainly less than owed by the appointment. "It is the least important thing I have done in my career to date. With all due respect to my colleagues, I have had more experience and possess more ability than anyone else in the symphony."

It is not an arrogant or idle boast. In

the mid-'80s, fiddle in hand, Staryk left Canada for Europe. It was not long before the legendary conductor Sir Thomas Beecham snatched up the young, unknown violinist and made him concertmaster of London's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Three years later, he accepted the same position in the Australian Concertgebouw and from there moved on to the Chicago Symphony. Staryk has turned down offers from as far afield as Los Angeles and from as high as the Berlin Philharmonic. Notes Mario Biondini, music director of the National Arts Centre Orchestra, "There is no doubt in anyone's mind that Steve is a better musician than anyone currently in the 250."

If Staryk's return to the home front has little to do with his career, it has everything to do with his family. He is devoted to his wife of 15 years, Miki, a former violinist at the Concertgebouw, who gave up her career to follow him. Quite the musician. "Most violinists will keep one fiddle and change their solos. Well, I've had many instruments." Too, there is Natalie, his 11-year-old



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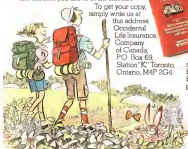
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daughter who plays the violin and the piano, but he has no ambition to pursue a musical career. "I am thinking of my child," says Staryk. "You get more busy when you have a child. I have skipped around the world enough to feel a need to settle. It's more convenient that it happens to be in Canada."

It is not surprising that Staryk feels no particular attachment to the country of his birth. The only child of poor Ukrainian immigrants, he possessed a childhood worthy of Dickens' pen. When Steven was 2, his father committed suicide because he could not find work during the Depression. His mother died out a living cleaning other people's houses. The Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, which he attended for five years, afforded no refuge. Though only three kilometers away from home, the privileged music institution was an unbridgeable distance socially from his own ethnic neighborhood. In 1961, as a young member of the 196's string section, Staryk, with five other members of the symphony, was drafted a visa for an Ann Arbor, Mich., engagement by the U.S. government. Somewhere within the bowels of McCarthyism, Staryk's name had inexplicably come up. Red. The anti-communist administration acquiesced to U.S. pressure and "released" him from his contract. Shunned by the musical establishment and even by some of his colleagues, Staryk stopped playing his violin for three months—the only time in his life he has done so.

Although he went on to accumulate credits and a place in the International Who's Who in Music, he has carried with him a distrust about all things political. In 1978, when he was teaching at Queens College in New York, he was asked by then-forgotten and apologetic U.S. Vice President Gerald R. Ford to join the Kennedy State. Two years later, the violinist gathered up his family and moved to Vancouver. Staryk has been asked to participate at the Telethon/Violin Competition in Moscow in June, and the unexpected trip to his ancestral homeland has him "with a certain nervousness but also apprehension."

His inherent wariness extends to individuals. The lensing of his brief first marriage was, to a man of his temperament, an excruciating experience. Like an aquatic berrant, he swam upside down, followed him throughout. Rapidly interrupting rehearsal and pursuing him down the stairs, much to the delight of the rag press which played up the incidents. As a result, he was forced to change his lodgings frequently and bring his address a secret. Mario Bernardi, who has known Staryk "since our early days in Toronto," is typical of the musician's colleagues who, when pressed to go beyond an assessment of musi-



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With daughter, Natalie, and wife, Rita. "Canada is a hockey culture"

cinship, admits, "I realize I know very little about him."

Only with music is Sturky truly at home. Since the age of 7 ("when my mother, in her slowest, poshest way, decided that it was either to be the pick and shovel or the violin"), it has been his passion and his obsession. Says Sturky: "Life is a compromise from cradle to grave—except for my music." Sturky's days are filled with composing, teaching, preparing, recording, listening to and thinking music. Says Victor Feldbril, the conductor and former violinist who shared a stand with Sturky at the TSO in the early '60s: "When you think of Steve, you think of a violin. It is an extension of himself." Sturky has resumed the glaze in an effort to increase his knowledge of the

craft. He has had more teachers than you could shake a baseball bat at. At various times, and often simultaneously, he has held positions as concertmaster, soloist and professor. With more than 170 recordings to his credit, he displays an awesome repertoire ranging from Paganini to Mozart to contemporary works by Canadian composers. He has even recorded gypsy fiddle music under the pseudonym Rufus Fiddle. Just as he sought out "people whose brains I could pick, even if they didn't want me to," so he searched for the perfect instrument. Typically, he didn't find just one. "Violins are like individuals," insists Sturky. "No one is a God. No one gives you everything." The result being that now Sturky plays on two exquisite instruments: a Guarneri and a

Dr. Thomas Swartz (left) with his young concertmaster (center)



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America the censurable

As tensions increase between Moscow and Washington over recent global developments, the propaganda war escalates as well. According to U.S. foreign policy scholar and author Noam Chomsky, we are used to discussing the integrity of Soviet pronouncements, yet we are inclined to believe what Ameri-

can leaders tell us. Chomsky, who was a leading intellectual figure in the anti-war movement of the late 60s, has written extensively on American foreign policy. In his recent work, *Towards a New Cold War and Radical Priorities*, he argues that our press and intelligence have not examined Ameri-

can actions abroad as critically as they should have. Maclean's senior writer Linda McQuinn spoke with Chomsky, who teaches linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston.

Maclean's: You argue that, in addition to a renewal of the Cold War in recent months, there has been a new and different quality that the Reagan administration has added.

Chomsky: Well, there's been a gradual move toward the renewal of the Cold War confrontation from the early '70s, and I think the reason is that the Cold War confrontation is highly functional for the U.S., and is just for the Soviet Union too. It provides the propaganda framework within which they can control their own populations and there aim as they conduct the business that they're really concerned with—dominating Third World countries, and so on. Now the capacity of the U.S. to intervene and dominate large parts of the world was certainly reduced during the Vietnam era. Nevertheless, the institutional structures that led to repeated counterrevolutionary intervention were never damaged. And there was evidence that there was going to be an effort to revive the system in the latter part of the Carter administration in late 1978—even before Afghanistan and the Iranian hostage thing. If that sort of slowly escalated, then the Reagan administration came along and exceeded this process, but also changed it. Take El Salvador. Carter was committed to supporting the gang of mercenaries that he was hiding as they carried out their attack on the peasant population, and so it Reagan extending that process. But Reagan added something new. He turned it into a confrontation with the Russians, (naming) Cuba and Vietnam and (blaming) all Russian privilege—(all) attacking Central America. That's important. How do you invade Nicaragua on the pretext that the Nicaraguans are a threat to us? It's impossible. It has to be because Nicaragua is an outpost of the Soviet Union. The Russians play exactly the same game. I mean, the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968. In fact, for instance, as a defense of Afghanistan against terrorists supported by the CIA and the U.S. That's the way a country mobilizes its population for aggression and subversion.

Maclean's: Are you suggesting that is the primary purpose behind recent Cold War talk?

Chomsky: It's (also) a way to keep the economy going. If the government wants to intervene to get its economy moving by injecting itself into the production process, it can't really do so by getting involved in useful production, say, producing cars, because it would be



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interfering with the prerogatives of private business. That leaves waste production basically. But what kind of waste production can you get to happen to pay for? Nobody's ever thought of anything, except investments. If you can get a population frightened enough, then they'll be willing to support production of armaments, allegedly in defence. You remember the missile gap? Kennedy certainly knew that the story about the missile gap was a fraud, but nevertheless exploited it as a way of creating the major arms buildup finally. Reagan is trying the same thing, (but) faces some difficulties that Kennedy didn't. Kennedy didn't have to be concerned over competitors like Japan and Europe. Now they're worried that the Japanese are going to drive them out of world trade. If the U.S. devotes its resources to waste production and Japan and Europe don't, then the already handsome portion of the U.S. in world trade is going to deteriorate very seriously. They're going to have to keep raising the level of international confrontation until they get Europe and Japan to fall into our system of devoting resources to armaments, namely waste production, and not simply using this opportunity to undermine us in international markets.

Maclean's: You're arguing extremely that the Western press is hypocritical in



Chomsky: putting butcher's into perspective

its coverage of American and Soviet actions abroad, labelling up Soviet actions as far closer and more critical scrutiny. Do you feel that continues to be the case?

Chomsky: Polish martial law was announced Dec. 13, and for the next three weeks I listened religiously to the CNN radio morning news broadcasts just to see what they would do. I'd say about 98 per cent of news coverage for these

three weeks was Poland, and of course it was just overflowing with indignation about how terrible it is. Well, okay, undoubtedly that's true. The Russians supported a martial law regime which undermined the popular worker-based movement. But the U.S. does that all the time. Turkey has had martial law since September, 1980. It's a brutal regime, plenty of torture, but the U.S. positively supports it. There has been a martial law regime in Brazil since 1964. Troops were sent in to break up strikes. The Brazilian equivalent of Lech Walesa—Luiz Inacio da Silva, a very corrupt leader of the Brazilian labor movement—was (recently) put in jail. Nobody cares about that. The U.S. positively welcomed the military coup in its domain in 1983, which involved the massacre of half a million people. But as Poland is, they're not wondering the population in the streets as our martial law types are doing in Central America. There's no hint of all this in the news coverage. If it's proper to have sanctions against the Soviet Union because they support martial law in Poland, then there should be sanctions every six months against the U.S. We're just reeking with hypocrisy on this issue.

Maclean's: Of course, the American government would respond that they're only supporting these regimes as a build-up against communism.

Chomsky: No, they'd go beyond that. They say they support martial law in, let's say, the Philippines or Turkey because it stabilizes the situation, puts down terrorism, gets the population back to work. But that's just what the Russians say about Poland. All the same things. Just change a few names and you've got Russian propaganda on Poland. What actually happened in Poland is extremely interesting. Poland got into a cycle of neoliberalism which is very typical for the Third World. When that happens in the world that we (the U.S.) control, what the country does is go to the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and ask for some kind of financial aid, and the IMF comes along and says we'll do it but you have to follow certain measures which we propose and these measures are austerity, lowering the standard of living for the population, perhaps export for the rich countries, and so forth. Poland couldn't go to the IMF (it's not a member), so it went to German and American bankers. They gave



U.S. soldiers (left) Solidarnosc leader (right) meeting with hypocrisy

it the same advice: we'll reschedule your debts if you raise the price of bread, make the population work harder, export more to the West, and so on. What happened was that the Poles resisted. Well that sometimes happens in our domain too. What do we do? We put into power some collection of butchers who suppress the population and murder the labor leaders and torture the opposition and finally put things back in order. (Western leaders) were probably won-

daring that the Russians were waiting for. Why aren't they doing in Poland what we (the U.S.) always do in exactly the same circumstances?

Maclean's: You're supposing they were pleased by what finally happened when martial law was imposed?

Chomsky: Openly pleased. If you look at the business press—*Business Week*, *The Wall Street Journal*, it even got into *The New York Times*—Western bankers were openly expressing their pleasure over the martial law regime. They were saying

finally, they did it, they have a martial law regime to get the people back to work again and overcome all this chaos and anarchy.

Maclean's: If American bankers are pleased about martial law in Poland, the U.S. administration is certainly trying to imply that it isn't.

Chomsky: Well, they're in a trap. It's a case where identical and identical are sort of opposing one another. They talk about the terrible Russians and how

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social they are all over the world, and they can use Poland for this. On the other hand, they're basically glad about what's happening. If the press was honest, it would be pointing this out. **Mazowiec:** We're talked mostly about American motives. Do you see a renewal of Cold War attitudes on the part of the Soviets or not?

Chomsky: The Soviet Union is run by a kind of bureaucratic elite which is mainly concerned with maintaining their own power and extending it if possible. And they have any degree of force and violence to achieve that end. Still, by and large, they've been frightened of greater American power. They have a fear of invasion. They are themselves surrounded by an aggressive system of bases and powers all along their borders. And from Stalin on, they've been preparing for some kind of attack. Debate in their senior circles. We have your empire alone, you leave our empire alone. And maybe there's some nagging along the borders, but basically we leave each other alone to suppress within our own world system. I suspect they'd still want that kind of debate.

Mazowiec: But the U.S. would point out that the Soviets are expending too much on their defense.

Chomsky: True. They'll look for targets of opportunity. But I think Russian involvement in the world probably reached its peak in the late 1980s, and after that suffered quite severe declines, the major being the Sino-Soviet break. There are some areas where the Soviet Union has influence basically because we want it. We could terminate Russian influence in Angola tomorrow if we wanted it. All we have to do is renounce the government and open up trade, and the Russians would be out on their ear. The Russians have nothing to offer the Angolans, they need trade with the West. But the U.S., for ideological reasons, to do with our whole relationship with South Africa, just doesn't want to do it. Take Cuba. We drove the Cubans into the Russian embrace. It's absolutely typical. If some country tries to entrench itself from the American system, the first thing we try to do is prevent it by force. If that doesn't work, we try it by subversion. If that doesn't work, we try to make it as hard as possible for them to develop. It's very important for the U.S. to prevent Cuba from developing a decent society because if it did, it would be a model to other Caribbean economies. Now we're right in the process of doing the exact same thing with Nicaragua. If the U.S. continues its policies, Nicaragua will become a Soviet satellite, which will give the justification for us to back an invasion from Honduras or to impose an embargo, etc. It's like repeating the same error over and over again. ☐

CANADA

A party running out of gas and votes

By Anne Byrne

The warnings have been swift and cautious. In the space of only a few weeks, Montreal's *Le Presse* has headlined: "strong government is a FREE FALL," *Le Devoir* Publisher Jean-Louis Ray intoned that "through the government, Quebec is being seriously threatened." And Laval university economist Pierre Fortin warned of "irreversible and tragic economic consequences" if the province did not move quickly to cut back spending. Then, already faced with angry labor union leaders, race businessmen, outraged motorists and gangs of roving gas squads snatching off the flow of gas from Quebec pumps, Premier René Lévesque last week also had to swallow two by-election defeats. Not only that, the Quebec Court of Appeal last week a further humiliation. It ruled that the province has no right of veto in the Canadian constitution. Shrugged Lévesque. "We never thought we had a royal straight flush." By week's end it did not look as if the Quebec government's luck was much brighter in its job of dearest.

Throughout the week teams of independent gangs roamed patrolled the province, carrying with them padlocks to close service-station pumps by force. One would-be purchaser was shot and slightly wounded during a discussion between the enraged owners and an even more independent person, who was refusing to close shop. The service-station owners, who say they represent 2,000 outlets, were demanding that the provincial government establish a 20-per-cent gas surtax imposed by Prime Minister Jacques Parizeau in last November's non-budget and that the number of gas stations reduce their profit margin from the pumps.

In the wake of the passive tactics of the gangs owners, there was no gas for sale from Quebec City east to the Gulf and the New Brunswick border. Convoys of trucks stood idly by on the Trans-Canada Highway. In the Ottawa region, there was no school because there was no gas for the school buses. By midweek, Montreal motorists had joined the rest of the province, lining the streets leading to the few stations that remained open under heavy police guard. Most Quebecers deplored the inconvenience while cheering as the station owners in the hope that their actions might lead to a loosening of the tax burden for everyone. In Quebec, a



Protesters protest angry union leaders, outraged motorists, roving gas squads

liter of gas now costs an average of 42 cents, the highest provincial price in the country. Thirties of these costs go to provincial government coffers. By week's end, motorists sitting off on Easter holidays found gas stations working again. The independent owners settled for a deal to allow them a six pence increase and they won a freeze on new permits for gas stations. But the price of gas remained the same.

Still, Parizeau did not seriously consider cutting his share of the gas producers' expenses. That came as no surprise. He and Lévesque spent most of the week complaining about the province's straggled finances to a concerned but

disfranchised group of Quebec business, union and consumer representatives who were attending the 199 government's third economic summit since 1978. The premier and his ministers were trying to drive home the message that they need as cuts \$700 million this year to meet expenses.

The premier offered three solutions to the dilemma: cutting services, raising taxes or freezing public and para-public employees' wages. Though Lévesque did not rule out the first two—leaving many Quebecers with the impression that a new budget in May will bring a further tax burden to the highest-paid citizens of Canada—the premier did stress that the third option was more than just a possibility. That did not go over

Maclean's
EST. 1912

will with the actors representing the common front of 328,000 Quebec public and para-public workers. Their contracts were up for negotiation at the end of the year, but they are also suffering already-suggested reasons in June. Two days before the summit was to begin, members of both public and private unions more than 20,000 strong marched through Montreal in crushing rain to warn the government that they won't be made scapegoats for the recession crisis.

But a bold move as freezing public-sector wages might win the Levesque government some much-needed popularity among non-public employees. Polls released before the summit indicated that support for the PQ has dropped 20 points in a year, from 59 to 39 per cent of the population. Since its re-election last year it has been suffering from constitutional battles, internal party wrangling and the recession which has hit Quebec harder than any other Canadian province. Of 15,000 who last in Canada since September, 150,000 have been in Quebec. But those figures still do not fully explain the PQ's popular decline. *Le Devoir*, for one, spent several days repeating its editorial message for Premier Levesque: "A year after its re-election the Quebec government should realize that it was elected to govern." And the premier found his caucus so depressed that he gave ministers five weeks rather than the usual one for Easter holidays.

Trying to shake the government into action has become the task of many of the just editors. *Le Monde*, the 5,000 readership broadsheet, launched an assembly called "weather early in the week to go to the Montreal Forum to protest increased municipal taxes. Then, voters in two Quebec ridings turned out in the better part of the night to reject two Conservative candidates for the national assembly. Although Claude Ryan is no better electoral shape than Levesque among voters—Liberal candidate avoided giving his picture as man during the hydroelectric campaign in two Labrador back the vacant seats, one of which had been held by the author of the step-by-step approach to independence, Claude Martin. And the defeated candidate in the Quebec City riding of Louis-Robert was Jean Klabbe, the lawyer appointed by Levesque to probe RCMP wrongdoing.

Levesque insists as governing federal treasury and perjury, with a sharp eye to the next election expected in 1995, in which he will again seek a mandate to negotiate provincial sovereignty. But the voters who two years ago refused Levesque even a referendum to negotiate sovereignty-independence do not seem to be listening. They are too busy talking about jobs, taxes and government spending. J. HAY

NATIONAL

The man who will adjust the sets



Jean-Jacques Gauthier, a man who will adjust the sets

When Pierre Trudeau started looking for a new president of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, more than one candidate turned him down. Among them were de Maningay Marchand, a deputy minister at External Affairs, and Pierre Janusz, deputy minister of Communications. At 58, Janusz seemed poised to cap an illustrious 22 years in public broadcasting and film by creating a super-ministry of Canadian culture. One at the CBC, he mused, "the image of trouble loomed very large. I just didn't want to face that responsibility." In the end, Janusz selected and Trudeau announced last week that he had political

Janusz changed his mind after reflecting on "the extraordinary cultural significance of the CBC"—and after convincing himself that he can pay the necessary millions out of the government to save the leading agent of public television in Canada.

The appointment of Janusz, a short-built man of common-sense in Trudeau's government before a by-election defeat in 1975, highlighted a flurry of elevations of Liberal leaders to top cultural posts. Tim Per-

trou, a Trudeau aide between 1966 and 1972 until he was appointed associate director at the Canada Council, was promoted to director. Jean-Pierre Maningay, a friend and adviser to Communications Minister Francis Fox, was named at week's end to a seven-year term as commissioner of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC)—the broad-casting regulatory agency that Janusz founded in 1968.

Janusz's ties with Trudeau go back to

Janusz's Barbara Fox, a next for cast



MANINGAY, GUTHRIE



Porter: flurry of elevations for leaders

their days as students in Paris and the foundation of the Quebec reformist network. Janusz, Janusz's credentials include a Quebec law degree and a Quebec law degree. He produced a play for the CBC appointment. Noting Janusz's 27 years at the National Film Board and his seven years as CRTC chairman, award-winning producer Norman Campbell enthused, "We have had difficulty in the past with other presidents who came to us from other spaces from other disciplines."

Janusz will have a tough act to follow—Johnston's and his own. As regulatory czar, Janusz repeatedly denied the domination of Canadian interests by American programs and demanded the CRTC find ways to limit American influence. In 1974, for example, he ordered the CRTC to "less influenced by the sort of institutional need to compete with the commercial organizations and does" and more by "Canadian expression."

Janusz's challenge at the CRTC is largely one of his own creation. While the CRTC presided over a revolution in Canadian ownership of television and the production of music for radio marked by the "June" awards, the commission failed to check the revenues of U.S. programs. By licensing universities, Janusz allowed cable companies to import popular American programs throughout the land. Canada now is dominated by foreign television to an extent experienced by few nations in the world. The percentage of households with cable, thanks to the CRTC, has increased from 30 per cent in 1979 to 64 per cent. Janusz's theory that revenues from imports would be plowed into Canadian production did not materialize. Fully two-thirds of all programs in English Canada are still foreign—and mostly American—while the industry was full of imported content (see page 24). For his part, Janusz has learned: "We as parents are still watching

our children grow up as Americans."

A veteran of bureaucratic wars in Saskatchewan (deputy treasurer) and Ottawa (deputy minister of the Treasury Board and Welfare), Janusz did manage to separate budgets and channel funds into new programs, most recently into the new look *Northern* and *The Journal*. CRTC radio revolutionized the public affairs environment, and several new TV shows drew a million or more viewers. Among them: *Model-planet*, the 40th series and such budget-cutters as *The Canadian Encyclopedia* and *How's Business*. Despite a much-criticized annual budget of \$131 million, the CRTC is a bargain at 30¢ per head.

With a mandate to be all things to all people, however, the CRTC seems to please no one—the latest example of which is

the outrage over the fact that *The Journal* will go off the air for next week this summer to give the next re-run, *Journal*, a fighting, lapses into irrelevance in defeat. "The retooling levels of the whole unit were sufficient for only 10 months," he says.

Janusz's critics say he is not a good administrator and that he has trouble understanding his schemes around the political arena. Offsetting these views, Henry Bole, Janusz's former CRTC partner and a longtime CBC board member, "There is a certain work. He should have a pretty good perspective in finding some answers for the CRTC." Trudeau and most members of the industry, in fact, could think of no one better. —Barbara Levine in Ottawa, with Sheila McKay in Toronto.

Bringing a network to heel

Federal regulators have finally broken the internet's hold on a competitor and won in 1988. Now, CRTC lawyers lean to the view that the condition of 30 hours of Canadian drama—which was to apply this year—must at least apply for the next two years, even if at once. For his part, John Coleman, CRTC president for planning and development, and the network could draw no conclusion until it has completed consideration of the court decision. Still, another case to be settled between CRTC and the commission is a definition of "original news" drama. The network has a case for planning and development, but CRTC officials are not sure.

Complaints about CRTC's non-attainment to high-cost Canadian productions are not new. As the London judgment pointed out, "CRTC was aware of earlier investigations of the CRTC and the network of a constant condition. It failed at the recent hearings. Coleman says CRTC actually exceeded the 30 hours of drama prescribed for 1983-84. By contrast, the CRTC presented 12 hours of original drama in English-language TV in 1988-89, which is the network asked for this year. While even that might fall far short of many Canadians' expectations for the public network, it has included such offerings as *The Americans*, *A Christmas Carol*, *The Great Bear* and this season's *For the Record* series of plays. Coleman was asked to list some of CRTC's recent dramatic productions. He could not list any. In fact, there were no others.



—JOHN HAY



Nolan of CFB Shearwater: he has lost a certain peace of mind

NOVA SCOTIA

The cops in soldiers' clothing

At 9:30 p.m. last June 6, Patrick Nolan drove out of the main gate at Canadian Forces Base Shearwater, which overlooks Halifax harbor from Dartmouth. A minute later he was pulled over on a city street by two military policemen who had followed him by car from the base, where civilian Nolan was a bar manager in the surrounds area. At the request of the MPs, Nolan presented his driver's license, but he refused a breathalyzer test when the police took him back to the base. "If they called the Dartmouth police or the RCMP, I would have taken the breathalyzer," says Nolan. "But they were military police, and I was off the base." That was the beginning of a case that has cost Nolan \$10,000, six months without his driver's license—and his peace of mind.

The court says has sought the attention of civil libertarians and it may even reach the Supreme Court of Canada. The legal question at issue is whether military police have the powers of "peace officers" under the Criminal Code. That is, can MPs stop a car, enter a house and generally act as policemen when they think a crime is under way or has just concluded? The answer in Nova Scotia now to both questions is yes. Thanks to the Nolan case.

Nolan was acquitted in January of refusing to take a breathalyzer test when the presiding judge ruled that the military police had been acting outside their jurisdiction. However, the Crown appealed the judgment and the Nova Scotia Supreme Court ruled on March 26 that military police do have the powers of regular police officers—although

just two years before, the highest court in Alberta had found the exact opposite. As a result of the Nova Scotia decision, last week the 50-year-old Nolan was fined \$200 and had his driver's license suspended for six months—the minimum period in the province.

In the aftermath, Nolan's lawyer, David Bright, said he was "astounded and shocked" at the appeals court decision. His main concern—split from the defendant training that military police have in criminal law—is the lack of recourse that civilians have against military police. "There's no board set up in which a citizen can complain to get a hearing," says Bright. "There is with the RCMP and civil police, and all the other police who are peace officers under the Criminal Code—paid wardens, magistrates and many other officials—but not with the military. Under the National Defence Act they can just say sorry, goodbye."

Bright and Nolan would like to take the case to the Supreme Court of Canada, but the trip is beyond Nolan's means even though his lawyer has offered him services free. Besides, the Nova Scotia Civil Liberties Association may ask the Canadian Civil Liberties Association to pick up the tab for a Supreme Court visit where representatives of the two bodies met last June. As for the original incident, it will never be settled. Nolan admits he had drunk a couple of beers that day, but he insists that he was far from drunk, and the MPs said they followed him because they thought he was speeding. It no longer seems important.

—MICHAEL CLOUTIER in Halifax

NEW BRUNSWICK

You can't wire there from here

Seasonal Morse's first telegraph message—transmitted over a line between Washington and Baltimore 128 years ago next month—was a not-so-enthusiastic "What, huh, God wrought?" If Morse were still alive, he might well want to repeat that message. The familiar telegraph offices, once so common that even small Canadian towns often had two of them competing for business—one run by Canadian Pacific, the other by Canadian National—are swiftly disappearing. By the start of this year, the number still open across Canada had shrunk to 28, down from some 750 outlets in 1950. By mid-June another nine will close, including those in three provincial capitals, leaving some provinces without a single office.

According to CNCP Telecommunications, the telegraph's attrition is due to changing patterns in message sending. Potential telegraph senders now find it easier to send the exact words they want on the nearest telegraph office, even though it may be hundreds of kilometers away, than they do to jot down their messages on paper and take them to an office down the street. This may be so, but some observers contend that the telecommunications acts of the two railways (which began merging services in the mid-1960s) has done all it can to discourage the telegraph trade—by retarding services, cutting back on staff in the offices and restricting hours. Whatever the reason, telegraph offices in June will be closed in Kelowna and Prince George, B.C.; Regina, Saskatchewan; St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador; and St. John's, N.S. The Maritimes offices will be open with just one telegraph office—in Halifax.

Local protests may well develop. But at the moment the telegraph offices are going out "more with a whimper than a bang," concedes Norm Hobbs of Barrie, Ont., national chairman of the Canadian Association of Communications and Allied Workers, which represents 2,400 CNCP telecommunications employees. The saddest ending is all the more remarkable in light of the important and colorful role the telegraph services played in Canada. That role began in 1844, when Samuel Morse first sent a message with the establishment of a telegraph line between Toronto and Hamilton, Ont. By 1902 the Canadian Pacific Railway system alone had more than 35,000 km of line which handled with more than two million messages a year.



Glitch in telegraphs: Big signs in the telegraph's demise are the longtime CNCP employees

But the real heyday didn't arrive until the 1940s and '50s, when Toronto alone had more than a dozen telegraph offices. Every-else's youth sped through almost every Canadian community by teletype delivery and putting up messages and, in general, the telegraph was used the way the long-distance telephone is today. An operator who worked in North Sydney, N.S., in the early 1960s, remembers that the first set of the Newfoundland Island fleet

performed when it arrived in port was to go to the telegraph office where all boats sent the same message back home: "Arrived safe."

It was improved long-distance telephone service and the development of electronic Telex machines, introduced in Canada in 1954, that gradually reduced the demise of the telegraph. By personalizing businesses to install in-house Telex machines—CNCP today has 30,000 such subscribers—the company

country as telegraph offices have gradually been closed across the country. "I know people who have had jobs in five different locations in 10 years," says Hobbs. "There's a lot of misery in that."

—DAVID POLSTER in Fredericton

"We cannot do the new Telex service by which a message is typed up in the office and sent and be delivered by mail from any one of more than 200 post offices across Canada."

THE NORTH

A neighborly trip to death

When people in southern Canada decide to visit a neighbor, it is usually a matter of visiting a couple of blocks or driving a few kilometers in comfort. But when Joseph Kalek and Edward Knox left their homes on Barter Island, Alaska, two weeks ago to visit relatives in Alaska, N.W.T., they found a nine-month journey across almost 600 km of arctic ice. The outcome was tragic. In the end, Knox lived to death, and last week Kalek remained in a Fairbanks hospital recovering from exposure after a heroic attempt to save his companion. Recommended by the state for a medal, Kalek, 17-year-old of the northern band for whom Barter is almost an everyday event, insisted that he is so. "I just tried my best," he declared.

The trip should have taken about 20 days—"if nothing had gone wrong," says Kalek, 44, an Alaskan Inupiat. But near the halfway point on the Arctic sea ice off the Yukon shoreline, the men ran into a blizzard. Kalek, towing a sled with all their supplies, was traveling in front of Knox. Every few minutes he would circle back to make en-

quire that Knox, 51, wasn't left behind. Knox was blowing so hard, he says, that at times he could not even see the sled, which was only four or five metres away. Then, on one return sweep, he could not find Knox.

Kalek cried again and packed up

everything I was just thinking about him."

Kalek finally found Knox sitting against his snowmobile near Barter Island about 100 km from where they had been separated. He was suffering from exposure and could not walk. Kalek tried to warm him from by ripping off the sides of his sled and using them as firewood. He pitched a tent and sat with Knox through the night—until he died about noon the next day. "I tried my best, but it wasn't enough," Kalek says. "I was just trying to do the best I could. But there was no one around."

Kalek put Knox's body on what remained of the sled and drove his snowmobile for six hours to the nearest settlement, the one-time station of Kotzebue Sound. From there he was hospitalized in Fairbanks. Four days later he was sent home to Barter Island, but once there he began bleeding badly from stomach ulcers and he had to be flown to hospital in Fairbanks.

CNCP officers in Fairbanks said it is remarkable that Kalek could be so drawn—and found him alive. For his part, Kalek knows that he must still recover emotionally from his ordeal. "I still think too much about that guy," he says. But he is no doubt that he would soon be ready to brave the north winds again. —LOUISE COLE in Fairbanks

"Everything I needed was on my sled, and this guy didn't have anything. I was just thinking about him"

anything I was just thinking about him"

anything I was just thinking about him"

A Virgo in ascendancy

Premier Brian Peckford told the story in January: Over his defeat in the southern St. John's airport restaurant, he distractedly flipped through a copy of the weekly *Newfoundland Herald* that had been left on the table. Peckford, a Virgo (Aug 27, 1935), caught up his homework for the week of April 2-8. "You're going to need more time to finish the job you took on," was the prediction. "A few problems will arise. You can't get around them and still do the job as well as, as good as, for an extension of time. You'll get it!" The 33rd strong Saturday night salient in the white cladband Methodist community of St. John's, roared at the jobs. "Even the ones are with us," (said Peckford) and capped it with a shy grin from his helicopter-carrying company, Peckford, not content with utopianism, also revealed a recurrent dream. He would, he said, suddenly wake up to the words "40 seats, 40 seats" ringing in his head. His dream posed conservatives at 40 Newfoundland time, just hours after the poll's closing and the polls opened, the day St. John's awarded Peckford's Progressive Conservatives a majority government. And two hours later, after Peckford had addressed a throng of 10 supporters at a free-bar reception at the Hotel Newfoundland, the verdict of an estimated 75 per cent of Newfoundland's eligible voters was in—44 True stars, eight Liberal, none for the hapless New Democrats.

Newfoundland's own Blue Machine had slipped down the Liberal and NDP leaders in their own districts and outpolled over outpolled, and outpolled outpolled in the days of Joey Smallwood. To the cheers of socialist party workers, Peckford, who had

sought a mandate to continue his government's aggressive stance on regulation of offshore petroleum jurisdiction with Ottawa, declared: "Newfoundland speaks with one voice when we say that one day there will be shore, and tomorrow will be no more."

Newfoundland Energy Minister William Marshall who, with Peckford, calls Newfoundland's slots in the offshore negotiations, was jubilant. He interpreted the Tories' 100-seat gain over the 1979 election results as "not just an

earthquake" Polls heralded power to the Supreme Court of Canada, and the premier declared that Quebec's presence in the dispute remain the same: "negotiation is good faith and a general agreement about the energy problems that we face."

While warning his happy supporters that "with this great victory comes a great burden of responsibility," Peckford gave no indication whether or not Newfoundland might modify its January resource-management proposal to Ottawa. That recommendation called for the creation of a joint agency to administer the offshore, giving Newfoundland three-quarters of the all-revenues until the province matches the Canadian average in personal income and social services. Peckford says that Ottawa rejected this idea, and by their silence Peckford and Marshall imply that it is the federal government's turn to make a move.

Peckford clearly is a powerful bargaining position. The halving of the Liberal's legislative contempt to its post-1949 low of eight seats (in fact, held by only 42 seats with a recent polling) marks a severe defeat for the party's historic philosophy of absence to Ottawa and a close working relationship between provincial and federal Liberals. Former Liberal premier Joey Smallwood's four successors have claimed the philosophy like a country blanket and none has been willing relinquish distance of the premiership. The Tories' latest Liberal punching bag, Leonard Stirling, suffered the unprecedented ignominy of losing his own Conservative North riding to a Conservative and he now admits that he is washed up as a politician.

The Liberal party executive plans to meet in May to decide what to do. But the legislature may open before then and only one of the remaining Liberals, the quiescent Stuart Murray, has offered himself to lead the cause. As for NDP leader Peter Freerick, he lost his nomination fee in Blumber West. If that was not setback enough, is a newly single, Jenny Freerick, his schoolteacher wife, pulled the Liberal votes of any candidate in the election (331), and the NDP's share of the popular vote sank below four per cent.

—BRANDOLINE JOYCE in St. John's



Peckford as winner: the 40 Newfoundland Blue Machine slapped them down

PEOPLE

When you've seen week-enders, you've seen them all, but that didn't stop **Zsa Zsa Gabor** from another try at the altar. "An old friend, **Pilipek, Duke of Alba**, asked me to marry him over the weekend, and I accepted," the Hungarian countess of 46 told reporters last week. Gabor met the 32-year-old polo player 14 years ago, but when they saw each other recently in Palm Springs they decided to jump up for the final checkmate. He said to me, "Dubbing, I've been waiting for you forever," said Gabor. "And I said exactly the same words to him." They will marry this summer, with **Mary Galle** as best man, as soon as Gabor's divorce from Los Angeles lawyer **Michael O'Hara** goes through and how old is the bride? In **Zsa Zsa** mysteriously produced a birth certificate dated Feb. 6, 1928. That would make her all of five years old when the war raged up at the New Hungary contest in 1933.



Zsa Zsa and the Duke of Alba: waiting for you forever

Toronto game-show owner **Peter Statter** (Mr. Gimmick) refers to it as the **Allen J. Macfarlane** job creation program. Statter is trying to cash in on the 1980 fad for the government and sale of roadside-doll kits, modelled on the federal license number. Since \$2.96 package comes with a candle, several other carteries of Macfarlane, pin and a distance of responsibility for any painful jabs to the minister. Statter: "I was watching Barbara

do a rock band stage as becoming a hot number behind the Iron Curtain. Playing before an audience of 12,000 people in Budapest's new sports arena, Statter became the first Canadian rock group ever to appear in Hungary. The musical number, complete with elaborate light show, pyrotechnics and other capital shrapnel, was a major breakthrough for the band which has already conquered Western Europe. Statter: "I was watching Barbara

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Stephen Crane and Clara Tappan: 8,000 words from the past

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stick to judge the Hungarian response. "There were a few kids munching the air and munching were left during the show. There are growing signs," he deadpanned. Following the concert, Canadian Ambassador **Donald Bennett** presented the group with a gold album for their current album in *Village World's Appeal*.

Suffering from a broken ankle as a result of the previous day's match, Canadian National Rugby Team member **Thomas Bennett** thought he would skip the recent opening ceremony for an international seven-a-side rugby tournament in Hong Kong. But manager **Alan Hogg** thought otherwise: "We come at a time, we play as a team, we stay as a team," said Hogg as he entered the 35-year-old bunker to get on his crutches and wobble around the track in front of the 20,000 spectators. Bennett's appearance amid wild scenes of enthusiasm through a crowd of Canadian expatriates and fans from all countries. His teammates, on the other hand, reacted with typical rugby eloquence—they fired him \$100 for grandstanding.

When **Stephen Crane** published *The Red Badge of Courage* in 1895 at the age of 24, his only experience of war had come from reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But the Civil War classic established his place in the forefathers of American writers. In order to get the most publicity, Crane agreed to submit annual cuts. After his death in 1900, Crane's widow, former Florida brothel owner **Clara Tappan**, lost track of the original 100 manuscript pages. Then in 1970, the University of Michigan's **Henry Binder** managed to gather the missing pages from university archives. A new edition will be published in June. "It is not simply an improvement, but comes close to being a different novel," says **Binder**. Scholars now move to deal with an extra chapter and 15,000 words—5,000 more than had been considered the last word for 87 years.

—EDITED BY
TOM BLANCHARD



COVER Jubilee Argentines in Buenos Aires: generations have learned the Malvinas islands were parted by the British

Britain's call to war

By Thomas Hopkins

It was a week ahead in history and anachronism in Britain, but the British decided a 500-annual-old free-fire zone around the wind-torn islands effective Easter Monday and diplomatic efforts took on a new urgency. The Reagan administration, irritated at being placed in the middle between two allies, dispatched Secretary of State Alexander Haig into an exhausting round of shuttle diplomacy between the two capitals. And the rest of the world, which had first viewed the war's elements of Latin machismo and Gilbert and Sullivan cheekily with amusement, warily held its breath.

The newly awakened realism was nowhere more evident than in Buenos Aires. Maclean's New York bureau chief Jane O'Hara reported "The Argentine newspapers have dubbed the British assault the *Atto perito*—perito, but as the British intention to fight became clearer, nationalists here who had praised Galtieri's bold move became more anxious about the next step. The five television channels are inundated with government ads selling the reason and whipping up war sentiment. One shows young Argentine troops in full battle dress, 20 years in, *in juro* ['I swear'] It is the only all young men take to defend their country. One Argentine businessman told me the ad would be particularly effective with older people who would remember the glorious days of their youth, such as the Second World War British soldiers returning to The White Cliffs of Dover."

As the week wore on, the tin-pot empire on both sides of the Atlantic faded. Coder heads began to appear as the 25-ship British fleet plowed resolutely toward the River and the likelihood of a shooting war nobody wanted became ever more certain. Military experts speculated that a British-Argen-

Galtieri, writing up a democratic election?



tine clash on air around the Falklands would be sufficiently bloody to upset both governments. Then, the British decided a 500-annual-old free-fire zone around the wind-torn islands effective Easter Monday and diplomatic efforts took on a new urgency.

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In Britain the three-hour invasion of the Falklands, following a major diplomatic flap on security South Georgia Island, was still being viewed as a national humiliation. It was clearly the most severe test ever of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government, and if the Falklands are not recovered, it



Falklands capital Port Stanley (left); HMS Hermes leaving Portsmouth harbor: a sea-gray demonstration of British backbone

may well mean the end of her regime. Early in the week Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington and two junior ministers were forced to step down, and throughout the remainder Thatcher fended off calls for her own resignation. Partisan reports that U.S. spy satellites and diplomatic information had tipped the Foreign Office to the invasion 11 days before it occurred, Thatcher denied the charges, saying the government had been warned only two days prior to the prelude Argentine strike.

There was far less dispute over Thatcher's resolve to send the fleet to the rescue of the Falklands' 1,800 British citizens. All four British parties supported the move. Set some MPs, notably Labour's Tony Benn, charged that the battle fleet, a merely a silly echo of the commander's and coded hints of Empire Still, supporters of firm action, such as Social Democrat star and former Labour foreign secretary David Owen, invoked the example of Afghanistan and argued that the precedent of a successful Argentine invasion of the Falklands would endanger such disputed British protectorates as Gibraltar, Hong Kong and eight other final overseas dependencies. Even if the British fleet never engages the Argentines, it is a formidable

proposition too—a sea-gray demonstration that Britain has the backbone to protect the British islands. The force consists of two anti-submarine aircraft carriers, the *Invincible* and *Hermes*, the assault ship *HMS Fearless* and assorted missile-carrying frigates and destroyers. Also commandeered were several fast tankers and one cruise ship, the world's third largest, the 48,500-tonne *Cunarder*, to be used as a



Deposed governor Hunt with Thatcher supporters at firm action

troop carrier and hospital ship. On the economic front, Thatcher froze Argentine assets in Britain and banned some \$100 million worth of imported goods. The major grocery chain Tesco quickly moved to strip its shelves of Argentine beef. In Europe, talks with Britain led West Germany, France, Belgium and the Netherlands to suspend all arms shipments to the Gal-

tern region. Canada responded by withdrawing its airbase from Montserrat and sending all arms shipments. But it fell short of following New Zealand's example of breaking diplomatic relations in the hopes of participating in a negotiated settlement.

So far, Britain and Argentina have kept nations toward each other to a minimum. The British shut down their embassy in Buenos Aires, and both

British Airways and Aerolineas Argentinas discontinued service. An Argentine soccer player with the Tottenham Hotspur in London was booted every time he touched the ball and quickly decided to go back to Buenos Aires. For their part, the Argentines have stopped distribution of the English-language daily *Clarín* from Buenos Aires. However, when a fire crew arrived at the airport, it was allowed to enter but its equipment was impounded. (Interestingly, the fire was not permitted to relay its news reports by satellite, presumably in retaliation for the resending of the Canadian ambassador.)

Perhaps the group watching the current flare-up with the most dismay are the 77,000 Argentine residents holding British passports (out of approximately 300,000 Argentines of British descent). Imperial Britain is much in evidence in

Argentina (see story, page 33). Argentine train stations, built along with the railroad by British engineers, are a neat glimpse of those that dot the English countryside. There is a 16-roomed department store in Buenos Aires, a Claridge's Hotel and a Queen Bea Tea Parlor. British interests have an estimated \$3.8 billion in assets in Argentina (see all fronts), far more than the \$1.5 billion Argentina holds in Britain.

But despite the fact that it will be far more costly for Britain to fight a war in the South Atlantic than for Argentina, it is apparent that the Argentines underestimated the belated British reaction to the seizure of the Falklands. And it is still far from clear why Argentina undertook the provocative step in the first place. The possibility of oil in Falkland offshore waters is cited as a motive, but experts cannot agree on the

Falkland Island Trading Co., a direct descendant of the great engines of British imperialism, such trading empires as the East India Co. and the Hudson's Bay Co.

The islanders themselves, faced with the prospect of rule by an Argentine junta with a lamentable human rights record, remained unimpressed. Britain "has a sentimentality about the Falklands Governor Rex Macdonald when he broadcast to his fellow islanders in bulletins signed into Government House. "I'm not surrendering to the bloody Argos!" Not surprisingly, when the British government proposed in 1980 that Argentina gain sovereignty over the Falklands on the condition that Britain retain administrative control for at least 50 years, the scheme was settled when the islanders rejected it.

If Britain is a reluctant savior, its reluctance is deepened in the current crisis because it is not certain of a close military victory. Although its fleet is superior to Argentina's in number, equipment and experience (see chart, page 36), it will be severely hampered by the logistical nightmare of a 12,000-km supply line and uncertain air superiority. The 30 British carrier-based Harrier jets are faster than the Argentine A-4 Skyhawks that will oppose them. But the Harriers have only a 160-km range compared to the Skyhawk's 1,300 km.

The Falklands battle area is also well in range of another 200 land-based Argentine combat aircraft. And military experts question whether the British is fast enough to seize and hold the islands. An extended Falklands blockade would necessarily include Britain's own 1,000 aircraft. And an Argentine coastal blockade would likely demand too many resources to be effective. Not only that, an embargo would drive up oil prices, Argentina's largest source of grain.

A nuclear threat is considered remote but not unthinkable. Although the British have a full nuclear capability, the Argentines have none, despite a recent report in the New Scientist magazine that Argentina was taken in by the British along 1965-1966 in 1963, when the ship's crew noted the Argentine government and parliament. The Argentine claim that they inherited the islands from the Spanish when Argentina was granted independence in 1816. Their ownership has been in dispute ever since. Even today, the islands are dominated by the

The quirky world of Anglo-Argentina

By Jane O'Hara

In the vast 200 km hall of the Harlingen Club, 30 km from bustling Buenos Aires, time has stood still. The heavy oak paneling and oil of leather. The brass plaques and marble floors are polished to a silent shine. In a large mahogany table at one end lie arranged copies of Country Life, Punch and brochures detailing the bloodlines

of the 1881 Asnes house sale. In the club bar, furred-flesh gentlemen who might well have checked their pocket watches at the door stand one another to give-and-take newcomers, and it is only high noon. By any standards, the 180-year-old Harlingen Club—named after its counterpart on the outskirts of London—is Argentina's most genteel and well-preserved example of the Empire at high Victorian tide.

Still, despite the frame-framed perfection, there was something strangely missing from the arrangement of portraits last week. "Good God," said club member Donald Jackson, as he pointed out the fan, his stiff upper lip slightly straining. "They've taken down the Queen, the bloody cowards." Nevertheless, where Elizabeth II once reigned over the female doors leading to the whitewashed restaurant, only a blank wall remained. The man followed a series of anonymous phone calls that threatened to ban Harlingen to the ground. Club officials hired extra guards to protect the 206-year, 2,000-member old man and decided to remove the Argentine portrait of the almost-civilizing Queen.

With emotions running high by week's end, and over the Falkland Islands dispute, it was a symbolic concession to anti-British sentiment in Argentina. For the estimated 300,000 Anglo-Argentines, however, many of whom are leaving the country—the message was more frightening than symbolic. They had not only lost a monarch, they had gained a foe. They were a subordinate underclass. "Britain is usually worried about the 1,800 kept under Five Miles, who plan to leave for the Isle of Jersey

this week. "But it seems to have forgotten about us mainlanders."

As with other elements of the slightly off-kilter, the lunch-time spectacle of Harlingen Club members playing whist to Uruguay seemed more in keeping with an Evelyn Waugh satire than a war-time evacuation. In a sense, they seemed successful by the hushed civility of their surroundings—the acres of wickered green held on 18-

th century. "We are internationalists," said William Jarvis, an Anglo-Argentine who owns a Buenos Aires car dealership and who will reside in Uruguay till the best years. "This is the only country in the world where our British prospects are assured. We could spend to the Argentine government, but they don't even protect their own."

The precariousness of this diplomatic stance—not only into the 1,000 Anglo-Argentines, who fought for Britain in the Second World War, but it has also caused ambivalence in their views about the way the British government has handled the Falklands crisis. "I fought for Nelson in the war but my grandparents who came out here 150 years ago built this country, and I feel as though it is mine," said Miles Tristram, should have settled this in an international court. "It's a bloody shame we have to leave." Britain replied off a lot of his people who have already headed for the hills.

Life and her wife will soon follow, because in the last week he has twice fallen victim to the Falklands crisis. As a regional manager for a British whisky company, Jenkins is short of anything to sell. The Argentine government has pounded his most recent shipment of whisky. Not only that, most of the cash, which he would need to flee the country, has been frozen by the British government in his London bank account.

Despite the problems, however, unless widespread war breaks out and the union between the two countries completely falters, many Anglo-Argentines plan to return. Rex Jarvis, as he takes a sip of his Argentine whisky wine, "This is our home. No matter how often we return to Britain, we always end up paying for the pumpkins."

still held British passports and have never truly repatriated. British cemeteries, hospitals, schools, page boys, Cuckoo's nests and Robbie Burns puppets are only part of the legacy they still hold fast.

But because they were born in Argentina, a country that does not recognize dual citizenship, Buenos Aires does not allow Anglo-Argentine diplomatic protection. "We are internationalists," said William Jarvis, an Anglo-Argentine who owns a Buenos Aires car dealership and who will reside in Uruguay till the best years. "This is the only country in the world where our British prospects are assured. We could spend to the Argentine government, but they don't even protect their own."

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Argentine troops (left), British soldiers; Latin machine guns; British and Argentine military

potential. More likely the invasion was a means of raising the profile of President Galtieri, installed in December after hard-line and (blue) factions in the army sacked aging former president Roberto Sanguinetti. Although Argentina has had as free elections since the army drove out Isabel Peron in 1976, Galtieri in recent months has been conspicuous in elaborately staged public appearances, feeding speculation that he is preparing for eventual elections as the government's "official" candidate in 1984. The relaxing of the Mataron would be a powerful launching pad.

One of the most likely explanations for the invasion is that the Falklands adventure was a well-timed and popular diversion from so many that is nothing out of control. Since the 1976 assumption of the junta's military responsibilities in 1976, there was a series of violent acts of the left-wing movements and economic misdeeds have gone

hand in hand. Although civil rights violations and the number of "disappeared" (estimated at 4,000 by Amnesty International) has declined, the economic graphs continue to fall disconcertingly downward. A dollar worth 2,000 pesos in 1981, is now worth 16,700 pesos. It costs 205,000 pesos for a cab ride from the airport to downtown Buenos Aires and more than one million pesos for a hotel room.



Argentine troops (left), British soldiers; Latin machine guns; British and Argentine military

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their progress. Wagon-mounted platforms can theoretically be manufactured from South America's only commercial nuclear generating station, the Argentine Atucha plant. A Canadian-built Canadian reactor will be completed in 1983, at Ensenada-Rio Tercero.

The prospect of a bloody clash between allies is a nightmare thought for Washington. Galtieri was gambling that the United States would not actively oppose his move. Argentina has long been a staunch Washington ally in dealing with El Salvador and a long-time supporter of America's anti-Cuba initiatives. Although the Thatcher government is a philosophical soul mate of the Reagan administration, the Western Hemisphere is a U.S. sphere of influence, and Reagan is loath to see a British task force attack there. America wants to develop strategic bases in Patagonia, mass vaccination centres in Argentina proper and drop up potential business for American oil drilling companies. All will be ended by a rebellion in the beleaguered 140-year-old problem.

Galtieri's gamble has apparently paid off. Despite the British minister's call for negotiations are possible until Argentina has left the Falklands, both sides breathed a palpable sigh of relief when Hag set off to play the role of "honest broker." But to keep the peace, Argentina's representative must

work odd a patch, specially cointain meeting of the 26-member Organization of American States that it was considering evoking the 1947 Rio Defense Pact if Britain attacks. The agreement states that if a member is attacked, all other nations in the Americas—except Canada—will come to its aid, including the United States. And that is a new

The most likely reason for the invasion was to divert attention from civil strife and an economy out of control

sure that Washington wants to avoid all costs.

Meeting with both Argentine Foreign Minister Costa Mendez and British Ambassador Sir Nicholas Henderson in Washington last week, Hag is understood to have outlined a possible long-term diplomatic solution revolving around the so-called "Hong Kong" option rejected by the Falkland Islanders in 1980. According to the Hag scheme, Britain would immediately recognise Argentine sovereignty in the Falklands. Argentine forces would then withdraw

and the islands would be leased back to the British for at least 25 years. A possible variation would see the establishment of an interim international peacekeeping force on the islands.

As he enunciated the Atlantic at week's end, spending Thatcher weekend in Buenos Aires, Hag was left with an enormous and delicate task. For the first time in recent memory, a secretary of state did not take reporters along so what was an overtly diplomatic mission. The reason behind the move is that Hag and his advisers are going to great lengths to appear neutral. It was feared that reporters on the place might pick up an unguarded remark that would offend one ally or another. And the fact was that, despite all of the diplomatic talk of global unity and honorable isolation, Hag must finally persuade one side to back down and take the first step toward avoiding a fight—before the British blockade deadline. Washington believes that Britain could take that step simply by announcing that it recognized Argentine sovereignty.

And as for the staunchly British islanders, advisers to Hag point out that they may see the situation very differently now that their homeland has been invaded. They may be ready to accept anything that will prevent them being in the eye of a war. The American

Rather actors than spectators

Argentine architect Adolfo Pérez Esquivel says the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize for protesting his government's human rights violations. He had just been released from prison after being tortured when he first learned of the award. Last week, the indefatigable Pérez Esquivel was leading a protest in Washington, D.C., about a recent U.S. job offer in Central America. He was interviewed there by Maclean's senior writer Val Flannery about the current crisis over the Falklands.

Maclean's: You have already expressed support for Argentina's rights in the Falkland-Malvinas islands. But what about the rights of the islanders to self-determination?

Pérez Esquivel: When I talk of our rights to the territory, I'm talking about geographical and historical facts. The islands have always belonged to Argentina. But of course the islanders have the right to live there. And, naturally, we would like good relations with Britain, and take away their land, or throw them out, or better them. As for the Malvinas islanders' future rights, let's be frank: we Argentines

have no civil rights either.

Maclean's: Were the people behind President Galtieri in leading this campaign?

Pérez Esquivel: The Malvinas are important to us symbolically—they're a remnant of colonization. For years the people of Argentina have tried mightily to establish links with the Malvinas' inhabitants, with economic, military, transportation and help in getting basic items. But the majority of Argentines are in no support of the actions of the military junta, nor of Galtieri. Let's make one thing clear: the Argentinian people and the military government are two distinct things. Under this government, we face serious economic and political problems. I would have preferred that this mess had been made under a constitutional government and that my people would have been actors rather than spectators.

Maclean's: Will this move increase popular support for President Galtieri?

Pérez Esquivel: The first shock of the excitement, there was euphoria. But now it's biting, as Galtieri has put us at the brink of war.

Maclean's: How long will the Argentine

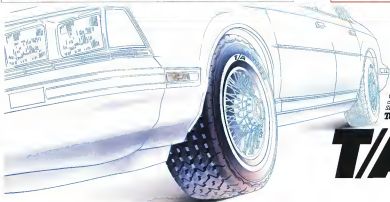


Adolfo Pérez Esquivel

people give the junta to solve a situation of the crisis? Or are they counting on the U.S. to bail them out?

Pérez Esquivel: The government in Buenos Aires is hoping that the United States will help prevent armed conflict, but they know it's not the sole responsibility of Washington. Argentina has gone to the OAS and to the United Nations, so we're not just running to the Americans for help. But we still don't know Britain's reaction, for example, to the recent negotiating attempt by U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig. There seems to have been no effort by the British to find a solution, though as long ago as 1980 the UN approved a resolution that proposed the end of colonization. As for domestic popular support, for the invasion, my country is undergoing a grave crisis, and the government is deteriorating. For the moment the invasion makes things look better. But the public has got to become more critical of the government and to see higher standards of living. As Maclean's, did your government underestimate the opposition to the invasion?

Pérez Esquivel: Yes, I think Galtieri did fail to consider this risk he was taking. An armed conflict between our two countries is a threat to all humanity.



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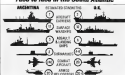
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reactions of the islanders last week. Formerly belligerent, they were visibly shaken by the speed of the invasion and openly fearful of a British invasion. As Argentine tanks clanked through the streets of Port Stanley, the islanders took advantage of the lifting of restrictions on movement last week to take their children to outlying areas away

current mismanagement of the economy, was typical of many Argentines. "Let us not be fooled into thinking that people here do not see the real reason behind [the invasion]," he told Marín's. "Even the most glibly admit the politics behind it. The Malvinas means nothing to me and I am not worried about the

Face to face in the South Atlantic



— 100 —

At week's end the outcome of the crisis still remained uncertain. As Haggard frantically tried to piece together a deal before the guns started, cracks began to show in the Argentine resolve. Ricardo Cabrera, a 38-year-old porteno who believes he was forced to sell his family's uniform-making business due to con-

Still, in the southern port of Comodoro Rivadavia the work of war went on. Light planes dived over the darkened town checking the effectiveness of hastily prepared blackout drills, and derricks hoisted tanks and trucks onto transports to beef up the defenses of Argentine forces dug in on the Falklands. Even an Escobar Minister Cuz-

London attempted to forge diplomatic solutions, Interior Minister Alfredo Ruiz Jean was assuring reporters, "We will defend our territory at any cost."

the machine mounted during the 1982 Colons marine crisis. Harrier aircraft based at the docks of British carriers in moon attacks, and Sea King anti-submarine helicopters chattered overhead. But at home, Britons were becoming as wary of the adventure as the Argentines. Foremost in their minds was the question of what Britain would do if it discovered the Falklands Fleet with the need for protection against a perpetually hostile Argentina, the supply lines would be cut off, the fleet would be

was that thought that weighed on the minds of British politicians as the how-
wings of its battle fleet arched upward
and the armada steamed resolutely into
what may be the last war of the
Empire.

With Jane O'Hara and Jan Moher in Buenos Aires, Carol Kennedy in London, William Lawler in Washington and Nyles Spooner in Seattle.

Military window on the world

Gen. Sir John Hackett is an outstanding British soldier-scholar and the country's foremost strategic thinker. He has been deputy chief of the Imperial General Staff as well as holding senior NATO appointments. On a brief visit to Toronto last week, he was interviewed by *Maclean's* Editor Peter C. Newman.

Maclean: "How do you view the Argentine repression and its real cause?"
Hackitt: "Well, I know President Galtieri. We visited when I was in Buenos Aires giving some lectures 18 months ago. It was a rather interesting occasion. Up to then, the armed forces in Argentina were not exclusively for the oppression of the people. For better or worse, nobody would say that their methods were popular, but at least they had been successful. At that point, he wanted to lure the attention of the Argentine armed forces to the outside world and so he wanted somebody, as he put it, to open the window as it were, to let the world know the truth. He had no real strategy for that. He had no talk to the people, almost all of staff about what was going on elsewhere. I remember telling the people

you're preoccupied with the Beagle Passage, but really what happens to the Strain of Harmon is just an important I wouldn't think to say I'd expect to see a squadron from the Argentine may be out in the Red Sea or the Arabian Gulf. You should have seen the admiral's face wreathed in smiles.

Hackett: Yes. With inflation hovering at 150

...to be a bit to blacked those islands. And the thing could surface on the bus.

Macdonald: But aren't they pretty much sufficient in food, with all those sheep? **Hackett:** Yes, but sheep don't fire guns. The blockade would be designed not only to keep foodstuffs out. It would effectively cut the islands off from the mainland and thus would reduce the Argentine government to a show.

Goltieri is a realist and unless he's gone off his nut, which I doubt, he can probably see up the fact that in a you-to-you confrontation, he'd be in for a hard time.

Madison's: Is there an East-West dimension to the problem?

Hackell: It is quite curious that the Soviet Union is not about to lose an opportunity to encourage destabilization in the area. **Martinez's** *Starry Starry Star* configuration is only a symptom of the Semtex-embellished configuration.

MacKinnon: It's the social discounts down there that are giving rise to all the damage. Unless you tackle the social discounts, you can never do anything to calm it down. I hope the United States is seeing that.

Spain's 1936-39 civil war, hope people won't start shooting because the impact of open gun warfare is much swifter and less palatable than diplomacy. I hope that the sovereignty before the blockade is established will be used by the British government to seek a way out, in which they should have the help of residents in Balearic Aires.



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Poland's rising tide of conformity

By Peter Lewis

The parting was unmistakable. As the clock nudged 12:15 p.m. in an intimate and exclusive Warsaw restaurant, the lights suddenly flashed on like floodlights on a film set, and uniformed waiters fanned out to each table to present bills. Nobody seemed to be told why it was advisable to pay up and leave at the signal. In less than an hour, the crowd slipped on Warsaw when martial law was introduced on a winter night four months ago would come into effect. Officers and staff who failed to make it home in time were liable to be pulled up by an army patrol and held overnight—or longer.

Last week, as Polish chief Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski flew to Prague to brief Czech President Gustav Husak on the situation in his country—he paid similar calls on Moscow and East Berlin in March—he was able to cite the silence that falls on Poland every night with the 11 o'clock curfew as proof that his army had brought the rebellious Poles to heel. The Polish spring has been with it, the summer has been hot, but the autumn has been cold.

An associate professor at Warsaw University commented that the curfew may not have come down for good. But, he added, it seems final enough to make even an optimist think of resigning. As the country daily slips further into "normalization," the memory of the 1956-57 first year with revolutionizing readings against a tide of conformity, it is hard to find a single Pole who still thinks that Leszek Walicki and his Solidarity trade union are destined to rise again. "They had their moment and failed," it says Warsaw journalist Henryk Tomaszewski, who, though critical of Solidarity's "mistake" in the final two weeks before the Dec. 13 crackdown, finds martial law much worse. "Poland



Jaruzelski visiting East Germany: the spring belongs to him

has found stability under Jaruzelski's gaze," he says. "It's the stability you feel lying on the stone floor of a jail. Life has slowed down to an orderly routine centered on work, family concerns and the nightly curfew. Still, food and other consumer goods are in

Poland's factories and streets are now so quiet that military rule could be lifted without the risk of trouble

greater supply than in the days before martial law because of improved distribution, crisper rationing and stiff prices sometimes introduced on Feb. 1 (the price hikes put an immediate stop to hoarding). By raising prices and cracking down on profiteers, the authorities have tamed the black market, but there is still a money trade in some scarce items and in foreign currency. The black-market rate for the dollar (always a benchmark of crisis here) currently hovers around 350 zlotys, compared with 780 in December. Most people now tend to hold their

breath with strangers but not out of fear for their safety—Jaruzelski's policemen could not build a jail large enough to contain Poles who harbor "counterrevolutionary" thoughts. Instead, months of social ferment followed by the enthusiasm of martial law have drained people's emotions, causing them to withdraw into their private lives. When the retreat is politically motivated—as it undoubtedly is for great numbers—Poles call the process "internal emigration."

But public life—what passes for it—has also become drab. Restaurants are largely empty as a result of the curfew. Though film houses and theaters start their programs early enough to give audiences time to get home, few people seem to have the heart for cultural enlightenment. Elsewhere, rumored newspapers are being unfurled, and TV and radio, under the iron hand of party ideologue Stanislaw Gosciniak, have become a national joke.

Those who feel most cheated by events are the young, who see a door to a better future closing. The vast majority, depressed and listless, see no point in resisting military rule. The few who do quickly confront the military's tight grip. It appears likely that Poland's drive for freedom, so magnificent and seemingly irresistible a year ago, will fade in the months ahead. As for what an American emissary stationed in Warsaw called the usual East European game of cops-and-robbers.

It is difficult to grasp how the experiment with freedom, the sharpest challenge to Soviet power in Eastern Europe since Stalin's postwar empire was established, could have collapsed so suddenly and completely. One eminent Polish sociologist explains that the desire of ordinary Poles for stability provides the clearest answer. After sharing chaos, deprivation and conflict in the days for more than a decade, the Poles, he says, have decided that they could gain up the revolution if that was to be the price of peace.

Still, Poles do not generally feel they have been cast back into the grim 1950s, a time when government control of society and the climate of coercion was far more absolute. The current military presence in Warsaw is light. Roadblocks have all but vanished from the streets—no more armed cars and tanks—and soldiers and police with machine pistols slung on their backs still pace the chief thoroughfares. Warsaw's first shock over the trappings of martial law has long given way to indifference when people pass their gun-lifting, peaceful looting on the sidewalk. They simply stare through them.

The main gassing game in the Polish capital now is to predict when martial law will end. Poland's factories and streets are so quiet that military rule could probably be lifted immediately without the leadership fearing any risk of trouble. But party officials expect the soldiers to stay around until the end of the year—if only to give the authorities time to make economic reforms stick and to solve the problem of what to do with internal Solidarity members. Military rule, officials add, could also serve as a buffer against possible unrest once the full impact of February's price increases sinks in with Polish households. Up to now, an elaborate compensation scheme has cushioned people from the shock of having to pay a full 10th of the average monthly wage for a kilo of pork.

The leadership also fears that industrial trouble may ensue when a combination of Western economic sanctions and internal reform aimed at making Polish resources available to meet increased unemployment. Edmund Radzinski, the ministerial behind the party's drive to strengthen and streamline the economy, estimated last week that as many as 300,000 workers could lose their jobs. He said that because of austerity measures. Other officials gloomily predict that the lack of hard currency to buy raw materials and spare parts will force 60 big Polish factories to close before the summer.

Lacked, as a result, the focus on political life, attraction of military order is now focused almost entirely on the country's economic plight. When Western banks agreed in Frankfurt last week to allow Poland to reschedule \$2.6 billion in debts that Warsaw had been unable to pay last year, the Polish media were ecstatic. Commentators saw the demand, which saved Poland from defaulting, as a sign that the West's opposition to martial law was beginning to weaken. But to most Poles the decision meant nothing. A hotel manager for one, muttering that the scheduling was of concern only to Jaruzelski and the bankers. It would not, he said sadly, make him a free man. ☐

SOVIET UNION

Last days in the Kremlin

Soviet rulers traditionally never offer to resign or retire. And following the example of Joseph Stalin, who died in the Kremlin, and Nikita Khrushchev, who had to be ousted from a President Leonid Brezhnev is clinging to power despite mounting evidence that his health is rapidly deteriorating. Two months ago, Soviet TV audiences were shocked by the sight of their visibly haggard leader seated in a chair in a state funeral.

But what disturbed the growing domestic and Western awareness of the leader's frailty was the conspicuous silence, two weeks ago, of the usually obligatory photo to commemorate Brezhnev's return from a state trip to Central Asia.

Since then, U.S. newspapers have been circulating rumors that the 75-year-old leader was felled by a stroke on route home and had to be carried off his knees on a stretcher. Some reports say he will be forced to step down at a party conference in May. At the same time, despite official denials that the will-thwart Brezhnev is nearly crippled, a series of "first-time" secret meetings, scheduled diplomatic meetings have been cancelled and decisions making has ground to a halt.

The paralysis in Moscow seemed to quiet the chances of President Ronald Reagan's proposal for top-level disarmament talks in June. Brezhnev suggested last week that he must have to face with Brezhnev when the Soviet leader visits the United States. His offer, which has been a long-term proposal to discuss a weapons freeze when American nuclear strength equals that of the Soviets, appeared to mark a significant softening of approach. But Raisa Rubins, of the Washington-based Russian Institute for Advanced Russian Studies, for one, disputed that view. "I see Reagan's offer as a ploy to make it look as if he's far across the negotiating table," she said. "He may not be," he declared. "It's too much of a coincidence that the of-

fer comes when Brezhnev is sick." Meanwhile, in Moscow, there were clear signs that the Kremlin succession struggle is already under way. The Politburo's army faction publicly snubbed other official ceremonies at party ideologue Mikhail Suslov's funeral in January by missing jokes and standing apart. Then, six weeks later, a Brezhnev and Suslov protégé was sacked as head of the Soviet trade union organization



A haggard Brezhnev, clinging to his leadership and life

Brezhnev's personally appointed successor, Konstantin Chernenko, now seems to be a likely interim leader, but he lacks broad backing. He is thought to be the author of the relatively flexible position that the Kremlin has taken in Poland since Stalin's death.

So far, Brezhnev himself has given no overt indication of being the first Soviet leader in history to retire gracefully. At 76, his health and his signature continued to appear on messages and documents published in official state media.

Chernenko: a possible heir



Having climbed from a humble steelworker's family in the Ukraine, through the rose-colored intrigues of the Stalinist era to one of the two most politically powerful jobs in the world, the man with the bushy eyebrows has developed a grip on power that few men in his position could challenge. "V.I. Rube in Tverozna with correspondents" reports.

The Islamic revolution turns against its own

By Robin Wright

The chilling tale is told by a widely respected diplomat who is afraid to give his name. He holds a photograph of a beautiful Iranian girl. She had been one of the original supporters of the revolution, one of the chanting millions who had marched in the streets of Tehran in support of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. Then, two weeks ago she was executed on the grounds of Riza Pasha after being suspected of "true thinking." Revolutionary guards who raided her home looted all works by Flaubert, Rousseau and Zola to be used against her at a trial that was never held. Even more chilling for her friends was the fact that her death was never officially reported.

This month, as Iranians observed the third anniversary of the founding of the republic, the celebrations were soured by an ominous lack of fire even among those who had originally supported the revolution as evidenced by last week's arrest of former foreign minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh. Far from ending the late shah's reign of terror, Khomeini's regime has maintained the furies of arbitrary arrest and execution even associated with the former shah's secret police. Most diplomats stationed in Tehran reported that Amnesty International's figure of 4,000 executions since 1979 represents only one-third of the actual toll.

Given all the criticisms levelled at them, there were flashes of the underlying terror. A chambermaid admitted that she only attended the events because she was afraid that her absence might be noted by the Islamic revolutionaries that keep watch of work and govt in her neighborhood. A taxi driver said he decided to take part after he was stopped



Iranian women in chaos—growing discontent despite the unprecedented surveillance.

by a revolutionary guard who asked why he was not "volunteering."

Still, despite the ubiquitous surveillance there is evidence of growing discontent with the regime's handling of both economic and social issues. But Khomeini is unrepentant: "We did not launch the revolution for luxury houses and better salaries," he declared. The drying bulk of suspended buildings and abandoned construction sites are evidence that expansion has been halted. At the same time, rent is rationed—one shaban per family every 20 days—and fresh fruit has disappeared from supermarket shelves. Regular supplies of staples—such as dairy products and cooking oil—are available only on the black market.

Part of Iran's economic woes undoubtedly stem from the nation's 38-month war with Iraq, a conflict that has reportedly drained the country of \$350

million a month just for weapons and supplies. But general inefficiency and mismanagement by inexperienced personnel have made even oil, which remains the core of the economy, a national headache. Pre-revolutionary production of five million barrels a day has dropped by an estimated 50 per cent, according to overseas analysts.

Also conspicuous in post-revolutionary Iran is the continuing social upheaval. Women shrouded in full-length black chadors have been banned from jobs, crowded from schooling and segregated from men. Meanwhile, the universities have been shut down and secondary schools overhauled. Students must sign declarations of loyalty to the regime before they are admitted, and their behavior is monitored by religious conservatives made up of fellow students and staff. Even the textbooks are being rewritten, seeking references to the outside world and concentrating on Islamic theology and history.

It now seems unlikely, however, that much will change while Khomeini, 61, is still leader. And reports of his poor health are dismissed by diplomats in Tehran who claim he is frail but not failing—pointing to his family's longevity. Even in the post-Khomeini era, the Islamic republic is likely to enforce Islamic republicanism in a grassroots movement, and even in its darkest moments the regime is aware of the enormous passivity of its subjects and of their ability to absorb tremendous abuse. It is both the base and the springboard for the revolutionaries' audience. □



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The Blacks launch a new offensive



Malvern (right) and General Black in 1978; Iron Ore Co.'s Labrador City plant; brothers pit it against Fennell's advances

By James Fleming

A common-sense go, General M. Black has attracted controversy at a surprising rate. As a result, he has accompanied his stunning emergence into the upper echelons of corporate power in 1979 when he landed himself at the head of Argus Corp., and Newfoundland has attended his moves ever since. At the same time, detractors—all but a minority—have snapped from the sidelines at his successes, suggesting that his parachute is flawed by an overwhelming desire for empire-building that sometimes ignores the best interests of minority shareholders. But his critics have been unable to fault Black on what may be his most impressive trait: a belief that his left corporate hands opening in his waist. If confirmation of that was needed, it was provided last week when Black and his older brother Montego acted in tandem to maintain what is clearly one of their most successful offensives yet.

As the reigning power of Hamilton Corp., a private holding company with controlling interests in a clutch of companies including Hollinger Argus Corp. (formerly Argus Corp. and Hollinger Mines) and Norcon Energy (see chart), the brothers engaged in a bitter takeover battle for control of Hanna Mining Co., a profitable mining concern (assets \$688 million [U.S.] based in Cleveland, Ohio).

By launching the foray for Hanna—which, if successful, would in-

crease Norcon's holdings in the firm from 6.8 to 15.5 per cent—the Black brothers have pitted themselves against what may prove to be their most formidable adversaries in this: a group of eager, Hanna directors backed by a number of friendly and powerful U.S. companies, which may step in to assist the offer of the Canadian interlopers.

Just how deeply the movement ran in Hanna's bloodstream was made clear by the company's president Robert H. Anderson. He charged that the suitors, led by General Black, "do not appear to have either the financial strength or the

management expertise to make an important contribution to this company." Then, dismissing the offer of 15.5 shares "inadequate," Hanna's directors filed suit in Cleveland's Federal District Court and obtained a temporary restraining order against the bid. At court hearings beginning on April 15, Hanna will seek a temporary injunction to avert Norcon's offer. Among other things, the suit alleges that Norcon concealed its intentions to gain control of Hanna when it bought 8.8 per cent of the company's shares in the fall of 1980.

The normally outspoken General Black did not reply publicly to the charges nor pressing Justice John M. Macos forbade all parties in the dispute from doing so. But while the companies' lawyers prepared their arguments, the financial community was busy speculating on the motives behind the takeover attempt.

Not surprisingly, the consensus was that the brothers were in a "no-win" situation. On the face of it, gaining a controlling interest in Hanna would be a double prize in itself. The mining company reported 1981 earnings of \$44 million (U.S.). As Norcon's President Edward Battle told Macos's, Hanna's assets are attractive, especially since Norcon is also a resource company. Besides, Hanna would provide an excellent base from which the Blacks could spread into the United States.

The more probable aim of the

Black strategy, however, is to gain increased exposure to a major source of Hanna's revenues, the Iron Ore Co. of Canada (IOCC). Under the tutelage of President Bruce Malvern—who has insured industrial power to the company and trimmed its management team taking his reins in 1979—IOCC has been transformed from a struggling operation to a very profitable one. And last year, its profits were up to \$166.8 million (U.S.). Already, one company in the Black empire, Labrador Mining, is riding on royalties and dividends from IOCC as a result of its three-per-cent stake in it. Hanna, however, has a much larger 27-per-cent stake in Iron Ore Co. and serves as its managing agent. (Hanna President Anderson is the chairman of Iron Ore's board.) As a result, majority control of Hanna would bring Iron Ore Co., with its impressive revenues, firmly into the Black empire.

There is also the possibility that if Norcon could gain up to 35 per cent of Hanna's shares, it could negotiate a swap for Hanna's stake in Iron Ore Co. to its 26-per-cent share of Labrador Mining. At the same time, there is a strong chance that Hanna might find a U.S. white knight to buy a portion of stock large enough to scuttle Norcon's bid. But that would raise the prospect of the Foreign Investment Review Agency stepping in to review the change in ownership of Hanna's Canadian holdings. And should Hanna be ordered to divest itself of its interest in Labrador Mining and Iron Ore, Norcon would stand as good a chance as any company to purchase the shares in the ensuing scramble. The worst outcome for Norcon would be if the court ruled against it and ordered it to give up its current 8.8-per-cent interest in Hanna. But even then, Norcon could make a handsome capital gain on the sale of the shares.

In the meantime, the Blacks face what promises to be a long and bitter court battle. Already some of the opening shots have been fired by the two Cleveland law firms representing the opposing sides: Ogletree, Deakins for Norcon; Jones Day for Hanna. Macos's has learned that Jones Day has served a copy for all Norcon's documents relevant to the case, ranging from interviewee memos to the minutes of board meetings. It is also expected that the Blacks' brother and sister will be called on to give testimony in Cleveland, along with Hanna officials. Ironically, however, the courtroom may not be the only place where the postgame clash will be waged. Anderson, Battle and General and Montego Black are due to attend a May 12 board of directors meeting of Labrador Mining in Toronto. If they all attend, the mood promises to be ugly at best. ☐

A banker battles the media

Twice in recent Canadian history, major financial institutions have collapsed following a barrage of negative news stories. The short-lived Equity Bank of Canada disappeared in 1977 when depositors were chased, wary by worrisome headlines. Then, just a year ago, Quebec's Caisse d'Épargne déclinée went under after depositors rebelled to withdraw their funds in response to TV reports of bad financial management within the credit co-operative. Last week, the country's second-largest bank—the Montreal-based National Bank of Canada—was the latest focus of bad press as a result of its financial troubles.

And although the bank's troubles

doubt that serious problems do exist. The bank's loss of \$28 million in the first quarter of 1982 diminished the confidence of some financial analysts—and investors.

Last week, the bank's stock fell a low of \$4.35 a share, down from a 1981 high of \$15.00. The drop closely followed a demotion of the National's credit rating from third to fourth category by the Dominion Bond Rating Service.

For his part, Belanger countered that his bank's situation is not very different from a number of major banks in Canada, whose profits have dropped in recent months.

Whatever their merit, the bank's difficulties are a result of a combination of



Belanger tells about that serious problems do exist

even by its own cause for clients, the bad public image was having a direct effect. The National's recent large amounts of cash on hand as a result of its reduced credit rating and to guard against the possibility, however unlikely, of a sudden crash by worried customers to withdraw their funds. According to Canada's assistant inspector general of banks, D.M. Macpherson, his office "does have the authority to require certain level of liquidity." But, he added, the National had already increased its cash on hand.

Not surprisingly, National Bank Chairman Michel Belanger told Macos's he is "tired around" by what he calls the media's exaggeration of his bank's difficulties. But there is little

denial that serious problems do exist. The bank's loss of \$28 million in the first quarter of 1982 diminished the confidence of some financial analysts—and investors.

Belanger's own credentials are certainly enough to raise the investor confidence. A former former provincial government minister, he went on to preside over the Montreal Stock Exchange before taking the reins of the Provincial Bank in 1976. Moreover, Belanger is married

has part of the criticism directed at the National is a result of the "paradoxical spirit of Toronto. Added to this, it seems to me that there is an undercurrent that these poor, dumb guys in Montreal don't quite know what they're doing."

The National's chairman is not alone in his contention that the bank's problems are being overblown. Macpherson says: "We are paying close attention to the bank and are in regular contact with its executives. We are confident that they are doing the right things to turn it around." For the time being, some of the National's co-existing problems, such as staff and pension are creating public confidence. But to counter this trend, the National has

launched a major advertising campaign in Quebec, indicating Mulroney's understanding of the importance of public opinion. He was, after all, president of the United Bank in 1987. In fact, as Maclean pointed out, "the whole banking system runs on public confidence" so that the danger of withdrawal by a panicked public "is present all the time. It is hard to say what could trigger it, but often the wrong sort of news stories is all it takes." Even if a bank were to face a greater risk than it could handle, he added, the Bank of Canada would lend it the needed funds. And in the unlikely event of a bank's collapse, individual depositors are insured for up to \$20,000 by the Canada Deposit Insurance Corp.

As for the National Bank, Maclean's views were analyzed for conSPIRING the situation. "I think there has been some investigation talk in the street," he says. "It's a way of life in Canada that banks do not fail. Everything will be done to continue that record. People need not get excited." Mulroney's Mulroney, who is naturally agree. —DAVID THOMAS in Montreal.

A grim parade of economic facts

Despite his reputation for sunny political talents, Finance Minister Allan Rock has never claimed that he curls at the art of economic crystal-ball gazing. Recently, he confessed that the national economy is worse than he expected when he was drawing up the budget in November. But last week his admission was hailed up in the starkest terms so far as economists and statisticians from both government and private sources estimated a valley of bad economic reports on the Canadian economy—and left little hope for relief in the coming months.

The worst news of the week was sprung by Statistics Canada, just as Ottawa was preparing to close shop for winter. Unemployment, the agency reported, was at the highest level since 1982—with 13.2 million Canadians out of work. The worst-hit areas were Ontario and Manitoba, but already job-poor Newfoundland—the Alberta—showed little change.

The report of near-perfect unemployment came on the heels of another Statistics Canada study that cast doubt on the predictions of some economists that the end of the slump may be imminent. Any sign that the recession will end, said the report, has "practically vanished." Proof of the severity of the downturn came from the government agency's leading composite indicator—



Interest rate protesters in Toronto 's' Dracula sucking blood out of the economy'

which measures key activities in the economy. It fell again in January by 24 per cent, bringing the decline since the start of the recession nine months ago to 38 per cent.

Adding to the woe-filled chorus was a survey of 18 private economic forecasters cleared out by the Conference Board of Canada. It concluded that the recession promises to be "the longest and probably most severe in the postwar period." John Genter, the economist in charge of the survey, said Maclean's forecasters don't expect a turnaround until at least the middle of the year, and even then they're not talking about a re-emerging recovery. Even worse, this reversal might be followed by yet another recession in 1983. The major cause of the slump, the survey concluded, was the high interest rate policies of the Bank of Canada and the U.S. government.

While Maclean agreed with the economists' conclusions, his parliamentary secretary, Douglas Fisher, was left alone in the House of Commons to defend the government's policies. He attempted to divert the wrath of opposition members by referring them to a statement by the central bank's governor, Gerald Bouey. On Tuesday, Bouey told an Ottawa audience of businessmen and top civil servants that high interest rates must be maintained to fight inflation, unemployment and recession even if it means a rise in Canadian

standard of living. But Fisher's tactic in Parliament did not appease New Democratic Party finance critic Nilsen Hiss. He angrily called Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau "a Dracula sucking blood out of the economy." Similar sentiments were expressed in Toronto by a group of angry demonstrators calling for an end to high interest rates.

Adding to Maclean's troubles is the fact that the U.S. economy—despite the grand economic plans of President Ronald Reagan—is not much better off. The jobless rate there is also hovering around nine per cent, and both industrial production and GNP are at levels lower than in 1979. The only comfort The Wall Street Journal could give readers on its front page last week was a consensus among experts that the slump won't turn into a 1930s-style depression.

Meanwhile, Canadian investors still appear to have little faith in the country's economic future. A report released by Prudential Mackay Bess Ltd. last week said that direct investment by Canadians abroad has "now reached tidal wave proportions." Last year's \$5.5-billion outflow was as large, and economist Nilsen Berk, that "it is surprising so many" that the number should be wrong. In the view of many observers, that is probably the worst sign of Maclean's in regard to all the economic statistics. —IAN AUSTIN in Toronto

SPORTS

A circus under the big 'O'

It seemed like a good idea at the time: because Nelson Skalbania appeared to be on a roll. The real estate wizard bought the Montreal Alouettes for \$2.5 million last year. He brought in high-priced talent, signing the other eight owners "should be paying me because they [former U.S. stars Vance Ferrigno and Ken Gray] will bring so many people to their parks." The first problem—giving many—was that games live came to the Olympic Stadium to watch the Larks was three of 17 games. Before the end of last season, CFL Commissioner John Gaudreau commented that "it would not distress the league" if Skalbania moved on. This week, Gaudreau is not the only one with his fingers crossed.

The Alouettes Skalbania, set records only for losses—reportedly between \$2 million and \$2.5 million. But their floundering on the field was only a prelude to the off-field fiasco that may not yet be resolved. Among the complications was \$200,000 owed to the Olympic Installations Board for rent. The board, overseer of the only building on which whose roof is in its basement, was within hours of revoking the Alouettes from the stadium when Harry Orant, qualified that fire, but not before being in the centre of others.

The Alouettes' floundering on the field was only a prelude to their off-field fiasco

Skalbania had purchased the Vancouver Canadians baseball club from Groulx and he still owed him \$1.4 million. Skalbania installed Orant as a governor of the Alouettes to ease the situation, but his appointment riled George Allen, famed NFL coach, who had struck a deal with Skalbania in February to run the club and possibly buy it. Allen threatened to quit. Then things promptly got worse. Skalbania reportedly made a "private agreement" giving Orant the contracts to David Orant and Keith Gray. Apparently the two players had been given seven-figure \$250,000 loans that are due in 1983 unless they sign with the Alouettes. They play elsewhere, the half million goes to Orant.

Allen's 55-year-old son, Bruce, entered the picture when his father ap-

pointed him vice-president. His three-year deal calls for \$150,000 (U.S.). The Alouettes were not amused. Nor were they pleased when George gave himself a \$60,000 (Cdn.) advance on his salary, or by the clause in his contract that provides two free round-trips to California monthly.

As Gaudreau contemplated a league without Montreal last week, a tentative deal was struck. Allen and associates would buy the risk from Skalbania for \$2.8 million, if Skalbania showed up outstanding debts, reportedly as high as \$1.2 million, by this week. If all goes well, the only opt-outs in the swap opens set accepted would be approval of the sale by the league, the small question of foreign ownership to be settled by the Foreign Investment Review Agency and that minor irritant of finding a team that can win more than three games.

—DIAL QUINN

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Oh choke, where is thy sting?

By Trent Frayne

Once, "choke" was a dirty word in the hazy hemisphere of sports. It meant that failure was a certainty in pressure situations, that a player lacked the courage of a lion's lion. When Don Cherry and Toe Blake and Punch Imlach were on the road in pursuit of the Stanley Cup, they were often derided for choking their throats when a referee made a call against them. The gesture was unmistakable: he lacked the guts to risk the wrath of the home-town customers. When Zdeno Andrejshyn was missing field goal attempts for the Toronto Argonauts in the late 1970s, he became known as a choke artist, one who couldn't get the points on the board when they mattered.

Contrarily, Turk Broda grew renowned a couple of generations ago as what used to be called "a playoff killer." During the season, Broda rarely was a contender for the Vase de Trophée (he won it only twice), but he always excelled in the playoffs. Turk's employer, Conn Smythe, an early-day George Steinbrenner, curtly dismissed the goalie's rare talent as the virtue of a guy who didn't have enough imagination to be nervous.

In more recent times and in some enlightened circles, though, there is no longer the connotation of disgrace attached to the word. It isn't leprosy anymore. Not everywhere is it confined to dark closets.

"I choked," John McEnroe said matter-of-factly. He was seated at an unimpressed desk in a gloomy outcreek in Maple Leaf Gardens. He had been dished by the young Czech star Ivan Lendl in a \$500,000 tournament last winter. It was a third-set to breaker. McEnroe needed one point for the set. Big Mac slashed a backhand volley, reaching high—and missed. His shot dropped into the net. Nobody could believe it.

But the Best could believe it. He dropped that set and the next one and lost the match by three sets to one. "I choked," he repeated. "I didn't expect to win on my chances. But I thought it was a pretty good match."

No sweat. No shaking the head. Just a routine mistake. Some shirts you make, some shots you miss.

Has the world's best golfer ever choked? Tom Watson's blue eyes were blood as he considered the question last week at the Masters tournament. He is the defending champion. He has al-

ready won two tournaments this season, both in playoffs. He shaded Johnny Miller with a birdie on the third extra hole in the Los Angeles Open, and he put down Fuzzy Zoeller with a par on the third overtime hole in the Heritage Classic. Two tournaments, \$504,000. Here's a guy with steady-as-a-rock nerves, correct? Not quite.

"Everybody chokes," Tom Watson says the day at Augusta, Ga. Then his backfire backfires into a useful simile. He remembers the final round of the Canadian Open at Glen Abbey three years ago. There he was, the leader after 14 holes. Now it's the third hole on Sunday, a par three over water. Tom Watson makes six. It costs him the tournament. Lee Trevino wins it by a single shot. Normally the most controversial of the young millionaires in the middle business, Watson strides gruffly from the 18th green to the parking lot without once changing out of his golf shoes.

"Choking is as much a part of golf as

the three-putt green. It's something you've got to accept and cope with. Watson doesn't grope for a euphemism, for such words as tension or pressure. He just says choking is a hazard to be acknowledged on the road to the winner's enclosure.

So how does he deal with it?

"Well, physically, by breathing deeply for one thing," Watson says. He puts his arms wide, hands limp and wiggles them. "I shake my arms," he says. "I literally try to shake myself calm."

Mentally, it's another matter. I've met into Zen, but I imagine that something like it would be a benefit. The best I can do is try to have positive thoughts, not to consider the consequences of a bad shot in a critical situation, to try to realize the address in my putting and to profit by it. Like, I'll switch to a shorter club if I'd normally take a five-iron, I'll switch to a six."

Johnny Miller is another world-class athlete who recognizes choke signals. He is a bland, skunky fellow with 30 year vicious nose approach to combatting failure in the big prestige events differs from Watson's. Miller's recipe is all physical: to get into contention in the early rounds so that he can't be compelled to play catch-up. He had to do that in the Masters last year when he was the runner-up to Watson, in 1995 when Jack Nicklaus stood between him and the revered green coat of Augusta, and in 1971 when he almost Charles Goodyear on the dog on the 12nd hole.

"It's hard to make up a lot of shots on Sunday," Miller said last week. "What happens is that you put too much strain on your game. Somewhere along the way the weakest part of it is going to collapse under the tension. When you have to catch up, something usually snaps. With some players it's their driver, or knee. With me it's my putting."

In baseball, where changing attitudes do not always come with the speed of light, at least one manager, Pittsburgh's Chuck Tanner, recalls from the word "choke" as from a starved harridan. "That's a bad word, I'd never use that word," Tanner admonished. "Steady Kofax was the greatest pitcher I ever hit against, but he'd get beat—and you know why? Because he's a human being, why? To err is human, my friend. It's not that word you used, or err, not at this level." Choke shook his greying old head. He hated the word. It was a word he could choke on.



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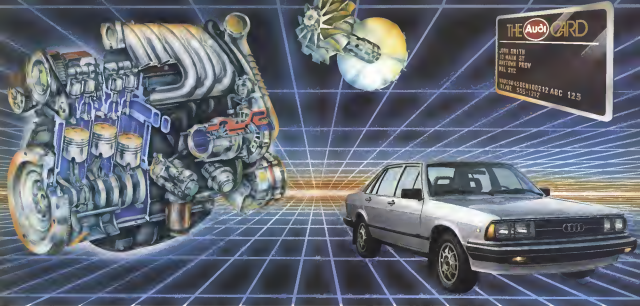
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WHO FEELS IT KNOWS IT
Rita Marley
(Shirley/Bost)

The first solo LP from Bob Marley's widow declares there is now room for women in reggae music. Rita Marley took the big step last year when she recorded the controversial *One Love*, the liveliest anthem to marriage yet. The album, however, offers a shorter and much tamer version. The full sound of such songs as the philosophical *A Jah Jah* and the soulful *I'm Still Waiting* should have great appeal in a market still lukewarm to reggae. Support from the arena of Jamaica's music players and Rita Marley's rich vocal style, ranging from gospel to Motown, make this a confident debut.

TEAR IT UP—LIVE
Black Uhuru
(Mango/Trend)

While others in reggae seek an alliance with popular music, Black Uhuru sticks militantly to its uncompromised roots sound. A trio of vocalists backed by a classic reggae rhythm section, Uhuru sings to protest social injustice while espousing the Rasta faith. Michael Rose, the group's chief lyricist, possesses an incredibly fluid voice. On *Leaving for Zion*, the best cut, Rose's phrasings are jam-inspired, while he chants out a two-life message on *Abandon* and then wails heartily for *Shine Eye Gal*. Uhuru's engaging, ferocious sound is riveting in concert. This live recording, delving into improvisational singing and dub, is the way the band should be heard—and at a substantial volume.

—NICHOLAS BOURGEOIS

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SYSTEMHOUSE

CONSUMERISM

The butter vs. margarine war heats up

By Kathleen McDonnell

For nearly a generation, Canadians have believed that by lowering their intake of animal fats, especially those found in cholesterol-rich eggs and butter, they could keep heart disease at bay. In more recent years, "polyunsaturated" became the new buzz word as many consumers turned to margarine and other vegetable oil products high in these supposedly more benign fats. Now, a federal department of health and welfare consultant has made recommendations for label changes on margarine and oils that will give the consumer yet another new term to worry about: linoleic acid. And neither butter nor margarine industry representatives are happy about the proposed changes. Both facilities claim the

Proposed label changes on margarines will give the consumer yet another new term to worry about: linoleic acid

new labels will only further confuse the public.

The recommendations of the Committee on the Composition of Special Margarines, which may soon come up for federal cabinet approval, would allow special labelling for margarines containing a minimum of 25-per-cent linoleic acid, the refined polyunsaturated fatty acid and an essential dietary nutrient. Until now, margarines have labelled polyunsaturates as a group only. Recent studies, however, have found that linoleic acid protects against cardiovascular disease because of its apparent ability to actually lower blood cholesterol. The catch is that because linoleic fatty acids are chiefly derived from vegetables, they account for only 15 per cent of most North American total fat intake. On that basis, the committee's report specifically urges Canadians to eat more linoleic acid. But a counter-report produced by the Dairy Bureau of Canada vehemently reports that conclusion. It charges that

WESTIN PEOPLE GO FIRST-CLASS WORLDWIDE



CANADA

CALGARY, The Westin Edmonson, The Westin Montreux
MONTREAL, The Westin Bonaventure
OTTAWA, The Westin August (1991)
TORONTO, The Westin Vancouver
VANCOUVER, The Westin Bayshore
WINNIPEG, The Westin

UNITED STATES

ATLANTA, The Westin Peachtree Plaza
BOSTON, The Westin July 1991
CHICAGO, The Westin Chicago (1991)
DALLAS, The Westin (Early 1991)

CINCINNATI, The Westin
COSTA MESA (Orange County, CA), The Westin South Coast Plaza
DENVER, The Westin (Early 1991)
DETROIT (Renaissance Center), The Westin

HAWAII (Big Island), Aloha Kona Beach
HAWAII (Honolulu), Waikiki
HAWAII (Maui), Wailea
HOUSTON, The Westin Galleria
LOS ANGELES, Century Plaza & The Westin Edwards (Overseas)

NEW YORK, The Plaza
PHILADELPHIA, Bellevue Stratford
PHOENIX, The Arizona Biltmore
PORTLAND, OR, The Westin Beacon
SAN FRANCISCO, The Westin Major & The Westin St. Francis
SEATTLE, The Westin
TULSA, The Westin
VAIL, The Westin (November 1992)

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN, Hotel Scandinavia
EL SALVADOR, El Salvador
GUATEMALA, Guatemala City, Camino Real
HONG KONG, Kowloon, Shuang-Li
JAPAN, Kyoto, Miyako
TOKYO, Tokai Prince & Tokyo Prince

KOREA

PUSAN, The Westin Chosun Beach Hotel, The Westin Chosun
MEXICO, Acapulco, Los Brises
CANCLUN, Camino Real
GUADALAJARA, Camino Real
GUATEMALA, Camino Real
MEXICO CITY, Alameda
MEXICO CITY, Camino Real & Golden Plaza
PUERTO VALLARTA, Camino Real
SANTO DOMINGO, Camino Real
TULUANA, Camino Real
(Opening 1991)

NORWAY

OSLO, Hotel Scandinavia
PHILIPPINES, Manila, Philippine Plaza
SINGAPORE, Raffles City (1985) & Shuang-Li
SOUTH AFRICA, Johannesburg, The Carlton

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WESTIN HOTELS

the committee concludes consumers into viewing Inolex and as an "alter that can prevent heart disease." According to coauthor Dr. German Branson, professor of statistics at Laval University in Quebec, there is solid evidence for the health and Wellfare consumer's endorsement. "There is no need at the present time to alter the kinds of fats we are consuming." Indeed, the proposed regulations cause bewildering at best. Dr. Eadie Coffin of Health and Welfare's bureau of nutritional sciences, acknowledges that the public already has difficulty understanding current package labeling. But he adds, "It is the committee's hope that [the new label] will simplify things."

Ironically, although the new regulations will undoubtedly boost margarine consumption, many margarines on the Canadian market do not come close to

meeting the new 25-per-cent quantity requirement for linoleic and "labeling" standards that do meet the standards want to trumpet the health benefits on their packages. But current food and drug laws prohibit this. Says Allan Phillips, vice-president of marketing for Bonanza Fine Foods, whose margarine, beer, contains the highest level of linoleic acid. "There will be more words on the package, but the consumer has no ability to find out what those words mean." Some manufacturers, such as Bonanza, will more than likely promote their superiority



Margarine and butter advertisements touting their polyunsaturated

through harder-hitting ads, such as the campaign of the butter industry, which can only claim that butter is made purely and simply.

But margarines are not necessarily the health product that they seem. Almost all contain high levels—up to 50 per cent—of what are known as trans-fatty acids. Produced during hydrogenation, the process that hardens margarine, according to some studies, raises blood cholesterol levels and poses a variety of other health risks. The body, says Branson, does not absorb these the same way as the naturally occurring fatty acids. "In a sense they could be viewed as food additives," he points out. The committee calls for restrictions in the levels of these substances, as well as further research into their health effects. However, no safe level for trans-fatty acids can be determined at present, cautions Branson. "There are too many unanswered questions."

That is no understatement. Indeed, the long-standing debate on the role of dietary fats in causing heart disease continues unabated. A world-renowned Dutch researcher, Kees Gottinger, unequivocally states that blood cholesterol levels have "a tremendous influence [on heart disease] and must be lowered." Branson worries that the public has become excessively "cholesterolophobic" because consumption of animal fats in fact has very little effect on blood cholesterol levels. And he further claims that meat diets have failed to demonstrate any clear link between blood cholesterol levels and heart disease. "That is generally accepted in the scientific community, but it has not yet filtered down to the public."

Given the squabble among experts, and the bloodthirstiness of dairy and margarine ads—all touting the healthiness of their products—the beleaguered consumer may well decide to fall back on that old and very personal arbiter: taste. ☐

MEDICINE

Treating the unborn child as a patient

By Pat Oshendoff

"They told me the baby would probably die before he was born. So I did it because I wanted to hear him," says 30-year-old Eusebia Shaya of Winnipeg. "So far, Matthew's doing great. To me he's just as normal as my other two kids."

While Matthew Shaya may seem just a normal baby to his mother, several cardiac and pediatric surgeons in several North American centres took him as a special child indeed. For what Shaya did to save Matthew's life was to consent to an experimental operation when he was a 16-week-old fetus in her womb.

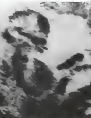
Last April at St. Boniface General Hospital in Winnipeg, obstetrician Frank Manning inserted a long surgical needle through Shaya's abdomen, through the tiny abdomen of the 12.5-cm-long fetus, and into the fetal bladder, which was greatly distended by then still a thin catheter through the needle, leaving one end in the balloon bladder and the other opening in the amniotic sac. As the fetus grew, the urine was able to drain, creating enough extra space for the lungs to develop normally. When Matthew was born late last December, doctors recovered the catheter.

"The baby's prognosis is good," says Manning. "There's a chance of kidney problems in the future, but it's a very minimal risk. There's no doubt in my mind he would have died without the surgery. The bladder was as big as the fetus."

Although the Shaya case represents the youngest fetus in the world on whom surgery has been performed, the procedure is by no means unique. To date, and mainly within the past year, about two dozen drainage operations have been carried out on unborn babies—in several centres in the U.S. as well as Toronto and Montreal—at gestational ages of between 21 and 36 weeks (A full-term pregnancy lasts 40).



Shaya and Matthew on an ultrasound scan picture (left); catheter and balloon



lamps the skull and compresses brain tissue, and fetal buildup in the chest or abdomen.

But it's too early to declare fetal surgery the latest miracle of medical technology. Even as the techniques are being refined, serious ethical questions haunt the surgeons. Most disturbing is their success rate: no more than half of the fetuses receiving surgery have died, either before birth or shortly after, almost invariably of causes reported to be unrelated to the surgery. The surgical teams also insist there is no medical fear of producing an abnormal child, notes Manning. "We deeply concern about creating a sense of false

assurance for those mothers. Fetal surgery may not be the solution."

It is, however, the most dramatic aspect of a new area of medicine: treating the fetus as a patient. Doctors are now administering vitamins, enzymes, hormones, heart drugs and anesthetics to fetuses with certain disorders, usually by prescribing them to the mothers. Experimentally, they are also injecting such substances directly into the unborn child, or into the amniotic fluid so that the fetus can swallow them.

But the established fetal treatment that led to the current operations is intrauterine blood transfusions. In the early '60s New Zealand obstetrician William Liley developed the technique and, independently, Canadian pediatrician Jack Diamond applied it to rare fetuses suffering an inoperability of blood type with their mothers. Using X-ray guidance and a surgical needle, the physicians injected new red blood cells into the abdomen of such fetuses

to replace cells destroyed by maternal antibodies. Even though a vaccine can now prevent this problem known as "Rh disease," the technique is still widely used. Most of the doctors attempting fetal surgery have performed dozens of fetal transfusions.

Locating the fetal abdomen with X-rays and a needle requires skill. But without the aid of an important new tool—the ultrasound machine—locating the fetal bladder or the centre of the fetal brain with a needle

would be unthinkable. The machine, which works with sound waves and to date appears to have no ill effects on mother or fetus, gives the surgeon a moving picture of the fetus. It can be focused either on the surface of the fetus or on the internal organs, and when surgery it guides the surgeon's needle.

Even so, fetal surgery can pose some harrowing problems. Though mother and fetus are sedated, there's always a slight chance the fetus might squirm, the needle might slip, or the wire might be triggered into premature contractions. A more serious obstacle, however, comes well before the needle is

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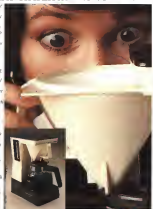
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THE COFFEE MAKER'S COFFEE MAKER.

inserted, determining which fetus would benefit from surgery and which should be left alone. "The worst tragedy would be to get a child to survive at birth but be left with chronic kidney failure," says Dr. Michael Harrison, a San Francisco pediatric surgeon, who has performed successful fetal bladder operations at the University of California Hospital.

Hydrocephalus is even more worrisome than any very tractable obstruction in that regard. Ron Bruce, developmental neurophysiologist at the Playfair Unit of Toronto's Western Hospital, reports

that about 90 per cent of hydrocephalic infants also have other neurological problems that can produce mental retardation or death in childhood—problems that surgery cannot correct. Says Dr. Ronald Wagner of Thomas Jefferson University Hospital in Philadelphia, who delivered his first hydrocephalic surgical patient two months ago: "When it comes right down to it, you have to make the decision [on operation] if the fetus were your own child."

Most surgeons agree that better ways of diagnosing fetal abnormalities are urgently needed so that the babies who



Monitoring with patient, Dr. Harrison

are saved will not just survive but will lead normal, healthy lives. At present, abnormalities are discovered through ultrasound and amniocentesis (studying chromosomes from the amniotic fluid to determine genetic defects). Dr. Frederic Prokhorov of Harvard University, who performed the first fetal operation in 1978 and has done four since then, says ultrasonography is becoming so refined that brain function can be assessed by observing small fetal movements. But it's essential, he believes, for hospitals offering fetal surgery to form multidisciplinary teams to make careful diagnoses of possible surgical cases. "All the evidence should be reviewed, then most stages to make sure the problem is progressive, and the parents must be told the risks of the surgical procedure and the other options available to them."

Currently, the criteria for choosing surgery vary among surgeons. Manning says he will operate to save these fetuses who appear to have a correctable problem and will clearly die without the surgery. Yet Wagner's aim is to "minimize the damage to an abnormal child who appears will be born alive if you do nothing." But almost all agree that one option is out: open-womb surgery.

Last April in San Francisco, Harrison opened the stomach of a pregnant woman, removed the 21-week-old fetus, surgically corrected the severely blocked urinary tract, and then placed the fetus back in the womb. "The baby did fine for the remaining three months of pregnancy," reports Harrison. "We just didn't get in early enough to prevent the damage that had already been done to his kidneys and lungs." The baby died soon after birth.

Although open-womb surgery may be the only alternative to death for certain fetuses, the mother runs serious risks: premature labor during the operation, infection, or rupture of the uterus in subsequent pregnancies. Harrison, who

has performed two dozen similar operations on monkeys, believes his team is on the way to solving these problems. They have devised new surgical and suturing procedures, and have been using new drugs that control uterine contractions. Nevertheless, he says: "We need to be exceedingly cautious because the potential for doing harm is considerable. The just not sure yet whether open-womb surgery has a future."

Others caution: "All it takes is one maternal death to make open-womb surgery a very, very scary business," says Manning, who knows his wife died fetal surgery on nearly 180 occasions. "It's not an operation we're contemplating in Manitoba or not."

Compared to open-womb surgery, the drainage procedures may seem almost simple. Yet to medical researchers as well as surgeons, the future of the so-called surgery is almost an uncertain. Neurophysiologist Bruce feels research should concentrate on basic fetal development and abnormalities, so that genetic counselors can offer better information to parents considering testing or terminating pregnancies. "Let's interview us about what we know and what we don't," he says. Likewise, Dr. Samuel Rokhsan, director of the endocrine laboratory at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, believes a safer, more promising endeavor is to develop better ways of treating fetuses with drugs and hormones. Abnormal fetuses, he feels, should be left in the hands of nature for now. "Fetal surgery is still at the experimental stage. Technically it's all very feasible. But whether we should be doing it is another question," concludes Wagner. "Even though a 30-year-old Nancy Rowe, the mother of his first fetal surgery patient, is thankful and optimistic."

Late Dorcas Shays, Rowe's neighbor, face an abortion when she learned that her baby, at 28 weeks in utero, was hydrocephalic. A nurse, Rowe explained the risks of the surgery, but she and her husband decided to do everything possible to increase their child's chances for a normal life. In February, when her son was born, Rowe was more than satisfied. "My little boy, Davey, is so different that it would be for a normal child. I don't have any regrets about the things we did."

The optimism of Shays and Rowe makes one these abundantly clear: as the ethical questions plague the surgeons weighing the merits, the requests to continue operating my fetuses will come from parents. Abortions, as letting nature take its course, will now seem unreasonable choices to some parents so long as fetal surgery is available. Concludes Manning: "If fetal surgery saves only one or two babies a year, maybe it's worth it." ♦



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EDUCATION

Failed marks in the N.W.T.

"I was amazed not knowing what it would be like," says Dorothy Angootalik, 18, recalling her decision to leave the little town settlement of Coral Harbour on Hudson Bay and travel 1,200 km away for her high-school education. Her mother opposed the plan—she had seen too many native children fail grades and come back home with drug and alcohol problems.

Now in her last year at Tukwukuk's Sir John Franklin Territorial High School, Angootalik will soon join a small but select group of graduates. In 2003, with 12,000 children in the school system, the high schools in the Northwest Territories graduated a mere 192 students. Only four Inuit, three Metis and six white students were qualified for university.

This startling fact is only one of the findings recently released by the N.W.T. legislative assembly's Special Committee on Education. Its report, *Learning Frontiers and Challenges*, reveals that schooling alienates children from their families, traditional life skills and the native languages, and yet leaves them ill-prepared to compete for jobs. It documents an immense gap between the official curriculum and what is actually taught in the classrooms, and alleges that the system lacks more relevant to adult education and teacher training. Administered by Education Minister Dennis Patterson, "Despite the efforts of a dedicated staff, our school system has not been successful."

The future seems a century. Missionaries introduced schooling to the North in the mid-1800s. With only 30 per cent of school-age children in attendance by 1951, the federal government took control of education in the N.W.T. in 1956. The sudden compulsory education introduced to the North was a copy of that in northern Canada. As for the people to be served by the system, they were never consulted.

The Special Committee on Education set out to redress this oversight. The group spent two years attending 13 public meetings in 34 communities. One of its 1,500 witnesses, Port Good Hope Chief Frank T'Sele, summarized the native view: "This government does not know us and yet it tries to control how our children learn. Our community has realized that all these problems will only increase unless we take control of the system ourselves and change it."

In an effort to give back that control,



Angootalik: one of the few graduates

the committee proposes a drastic decentralization of education in the territories. The recommendations call for setting up 18 local boards of education. (Because of an insufficient population base, there are now only two such boards in the N.W.T., both in Yellowknife. The department of education administers the regions.) These boards would supervise program development, teacher training and selection of native languages for school use—with English becoming a second language in some communities. They would also schedule the length of the school year to jibe with the hunting and trapping season. Education from kindergarten to Grade 10 would be available in each community. Grades 11 and 12 would come under the purview of a proposed Arctic colleges, which would highlight vocational and adult education.

The recommendations are winning the endorsement of northern educators. "If [they are] adopted, we would be well on our way to redressing many of the imbalances with education in the N.W.T.," says Christopher Reid, president of the N.W.T. Teachers' Association. He particularly welcomes a proposed teacher orientation program that would emphasize the different cultures and traditions, and local teacher training to increase the small number of native teachers. Out of a total of 741 teachers, only 46 are of native origin. The education committee also gets high marks for its recommendations on native languages.

With the report scheduled for debate during next month's session of the N.W.T. legislative assembly, no one is venturing any firm estimates on the odds or chances of its implementation. Patience, however, is optimistic. "Our system is so wrong that there is time to make changes." —AARON FROST, NWT

ORIGINAL
INDIA EXPORT

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The Legendary Gin
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Major Malcolm DeWitt in Pickles.

PICKLES'
An Exceptional Gin
Extra Dry London Dry

A blitz of shocking ads

Although advertisers have long depended on gentle persuasion to sell messages, the wise marketer now knows himself for commercial leeches. A growing movement to stir complacent audiences has brought disturbing images to the screen which was once hallowed as a safe world of mild-and-coral commercials. Denizens of this way little video world are rolled in vapours, injured at work or electrocuted in the bathtub. New viewers must suffer through still more shocking ads. And the arbiters of the new go-tough style are some other than government moral ministries bent on a crusade to frighten people away from the evils of smoking, drinking, driving or any combination of the four.

Conventional wisdom holds that fear is at best a short-term motivator. But with violence now permeating the media, viewers who may simply be keeping pace with harsher times. A particularly hard-hitting crop of Canadian campaigns in the past year, and the prospect of more to come, leave some viewers questioning the value of such psychological offensives by government.

Some of the ads are merely gaudy. A parent looks at his child for so reason in a gash by the Ontario ministry of health "Are you sure your drinking isn't hurting someone?" queries the commercial. But drinking drives liquor-enough business. Holiday reminders in Ontario last December were salvaged by the posters in bus shelters and liquor stores depicting three corpses lying on a rot, flame-fil highway. The recent FEELING NO PAIN blitz by the ministry of the atmosphere, general which ended last month,

also included concerning radio spots during peak driving hours.

Roskatchewski's department of health offers similar warnings in its annual campaigns directed at perishing high-school graduates. One "Safe-Grad" television ad, likely to enrage again this spring, displays a wrecked car, a case of beer and a youth's body. This commercial, rated highest by the target group, also revealed a girl's body covered in blood inside the car. Less visually graphic, but more bitterly ironic in tone, are the federal department of transport commercials promoting seat-belt use. In one ad, policemen, representing human projectiles, are

thrown from a car and smash in slow motion while a voice blithely repeats the obvious excuses for not buckling up.

This plainly adish rhetoric has also reached a much younger audience. Last winter, the Roskatchewski health ministry took on children aged 9 to 12 in a highly controversial anti-smoking campaign. In the television version, a trench-coated man confronts a teenage girl walking down a darkened alley. The man opens his coat—only to reveal cigarettes taped to the lining. The father

misplays, handled by Disney



Gory warnings in Ontario (above), still provoked attacks on smoking Ads.

Advertising Ltd. in Regina, was deemed "offensive to smokers" by the CBC, which refused to run the ads. Only after a counterattack from Saskatchewan Health Minister Herman Rolles ("We're simply selling the truth") did the CBC relent.

Roskatchewski's steel reflects the empathetic fervor of Rolles himself, a reformer smoker who is spearheading the go-tough advertising in his province. According to Bill Rolles, executive assistant to the minister, it is Rolles' "personal conviction that it's time for spending money on preventive health care and [taking] the risk." Political grandstanding aside, the motivation also stems from a desire to close the gap between the \$27 million gathered by the province from taxing cigarettes and the \$36 million doled out to programs related to the problems of smoking. Other opening ads may well follow in the province now that the health promotion

budget has just shot up 40 per cent to \$17 million.

Advertisers claim that while the duration may originate with the ministry is

valued, the degree of shock and depends on the reaction of test groups. Camp Associates Advertising Ltd. in Toronto, responsible for the "Feeling No Pain" campaign, tried the ad on 16- to 24-year-olds who reacted most strongly to violent images. Researcher Helene St. Jacques, who considered some of the testing, found that one-third of those sampled were most affected by the fear of having their ears de-

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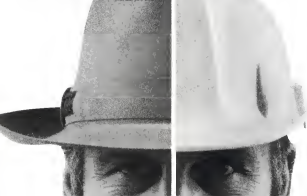
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BOOKS

Fantasy strikes out

BOOKLESS JOE
by W.P. Kinsella
(Thomas Allen & Son, \$14.95)

Fiction imitates baseball. While the sport adheres to a strict, but complex set of rules, writing is controlled by the idiosyncratic codes of language. In both, the best catalyst to loose these shackles is an act of the imagination, be it a simile by or an extended metaphor. And both endeavors consumed their own mythology. Robert Coover proved in his wonderful *The Universal Baseball Association* that worship of baseball heroes is no less obsessive than the definition of religious figures. It's laudable enough, then, that Calgary writer W.P. Kinsella wanted to meld the word with the ball in his first novel, a recipient of the prestigious Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship award. Unfortunately, *Bookless Joe* does not follow its inspirations either as a literary far house or as an entry in the genre.

Most of the baseball in the novel takes place in the mind of the narrator, Ray Kinsella (why the central character shares the author's surname is an unexplained literary prank). Ray receives a divine order to build a baseball diamond in the middle of his lawn cornfield. "If you build it, he will come," assures the voice. The visitor turns out to be the legendary (and deceased) left fielder Shoeless Joe Jackson, accompanied by his teammates of the scandal-plagued 1919 Chicago White Sox. To the delight of Ray and his family, the ballplayers—who in the narrator's fantasy are flesh and blood, not ghosts—recreate the splendor of classic baseball as he rough diamond.

As if ballplayers from beyond the grave were not an audacious enough conceit, Kinsella throws J.D. Salinger into the lineup. Ray kidnaps the reclusive writer from his New Hampshire hideaway and drags him to a Boston Red Sox game in Fenway Park in an attempt to "ease his pain." Salinger has come interred with his abductor's fascination; they join together as a quest for the history of the late Macbeth Graham, an obscure (and real) entry in *The Baseball Encyclopedia* who played one major-league game in 1905 and never made it to bat. In Massachusetts, they piece together Graham's life as a respected small-town doctor and converse with the dead man about his thwarted baseball career. With Graham's grandson in tow, Ray and Salinger head

back to Iowa to watch the games on the supernatural playing field. A few more obscure stragglers join the pilgrims as they defend the farm and the diamond against greedy land developers. In *Shoeless Joe*, Kinsella is loosed in by his own incoherence. Having J.D. Salinger sleuth around a baseball myste-

tery is a deluged idea, but a difficult one to execute. The writer has to realize such lines as "It's a sad time when the world won't listen to stories about good men." Of course, this is W.P. Kinsella, not the real Salinger speaking. To put your own words into a living person's mouth is rarely presumption, not clever.

Similarly, the flights into fantasy are too easy and obvious. The author wants us to release our reason and break down the barriers between the living and the dead, the genuine and the mythical. But Ray's alternate universe of baseball is

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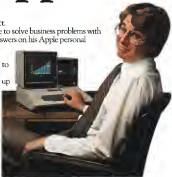
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Kinnella: boxed in by his inattentiveness

too convinced to be seductive, and the pace is too sluggish to work as a madcap gameplan. Kinnella reaches for the otherworldly magic of Gabriel Garcia Marquez. What he achieves is the limp fancy of Richard Brautigan.

—LAN PHILLIPS

Pining for a sense of home

NORRIS'S ANGEL

by Thomas McGuane

(London House, \$16.95 hard-cover, \$8.95 soft-cover)

Thomas McGuane's fifth novel is a delicious western about a Montana horse rancher who leaves the army and returns home, but goes right on being homesick. His hero, Patrick, keeps looking for the renegade splendor of his family and wonders what went wrong. "The loved his mother and grandfather and horses; he loved the place that he couldn't help thinking that it was edges and no middle." Patrick goes away for a last American of peace, family, sensible love and a physical sense of home.

Back in Deadrock, Mont., the local newspaper editor has it in for him and the bartender won't serve him anymore. Into this disengagement walks Clara, the wife of a Texas adman with time on her hands. As soon as we learn that she can lift her own weight, we know we're in American tough-and-territory where the air is thick with tender whinnies and love shreds. At this point *Nobody's Angel* begins to sound like a horseback Comanche. But McGuane knows exactly what kind of rap has been in—"strong as the wrong whip"—and he makes Patrick's sentimentality part of what the novel is about, not just a curse on the writing.

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and prone they're Québécois by having a certain album."

Québécois are much less picky, too, about being sung to in the language of the artist. At one time, international artists with a following in both continents kept a careful eye on the French-English balance of releases in Quebec. Nowadays, Ginette Reno brings Las Vegas standards to the stage at Montreal's Place des Arts and yanks her audience to its feet with songs in either language. Daniel Lavoie has recorded an album entirely in English and sprinkles these songs liberally throughout his stage shows to positive response.

Despite, and perhaps because of, the Americanization of Quebec's pop music, anglophone recordings dominate record sales in the province. At CNE Records, with such regular artists as Placide, Offenbach and André Gagnon on the roster, francophone music constitutes no more than five per cent of sales. The figure fluctuates between five and 15 per cent at retail record stores. Beauchamp says 60 per cent of the 20 to 30 requests taken each hour on C61 are for anglophone material. In following his listeners' lead, Beauchamp and C61 have put themselves into hot water. Competitors, furious that C61 was ap-

Level: a debt to the past of The Beatles

pearing the CRTC's ruling that French-language radio stations in Quebec fill at least 60 per cent of their musical programming with francophone material, brought a barrage of complaints before the commission. Cited contented by fearfully asking that their quota be lowered to 55 per cent. "There simply is not enough good francophone material available," Beauchamp insists. "Especially Québécois material."

But while the current generation is assured of its place in the mix, some

observers worry about the future. The US-based record companies that dominate the market have reacted to the worldwide slump in record sales by slashing budgets and showing spotty about one talent.

Even if the music industry is reeling in a sluggish economy, the stars of Québécois music are holding their own. Talia's record company expects Choucroute to hit gold status (50,000 copies sold) this week, barely a month after release. Daniel Lavoie has graduated from clubs to concert stages with a 50-city tour of the province. And the doyen of Quebec's recording stars, Ginette Reno, remains impossibly popular, her last album, *Je me souviens d'une chanson*, sold 300,000 copies in Quebec. If politics and passion are missing in the work of Quebec's new stars, the successful success shows that the membership of Québécois are still being reached, in a language they understand. ◇



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For the sake of experimenting

By Mark Cherniack

The select attractions at last year's Toronto Theatre Festival was John Kessel's *Master Tamsen*. The audience, theatrical venturist—attendees were limited to 50 a night—sifted up its audience and sent them chasing the cat through the rooms of a

production should stand still?

Such a statement may distress audiences who want proof-in-packaging drama. However, unpredictability is essential to experimental theatre, that rare but vital subcategory of the dramatic art. The genre usually originates in urban centres with an substantial artistic community that can provide an

audience, the publisher of the city's innovative companies. "Experimental theatre then was like a two-top fire—it went everywhere but didn't really penetrate." Practitioners of the latest avant-garde seem to have more concrete ideas of what theatre should be. They would sum it up as a comprehensive synthesis of music, dance and audiovisual technology, while Antonin Leoni's productions underline the fact that several of its members studied some under Jacques Lecoq in Paris. The companies at the centre are in fact passionately interested in the international theatre scene. Such European influences as Jerzy Grotowski and Peter Brook, and such American artists as the Lo Mama troupe and Robert Wilson are greatly acknowledged.

The aspect of electronic technology is also central to the new experimental theatre. AKA incorporates video and film in its work, as does Valerech, a separate company that adapts music and video to such traditional stories as *Hamlet* and *Drone New World*. All the groups manifest a common sensibility, perhaps best defined—with a touch of patronism—by Jay Gilbert of Buddies in Bad Times, a company devoted to discussing poetry on stage. "We all hate the cost of theatre in Toronto more

than we hate each other." The centre events mainly because its individual members afford to rent their own space on seasonal government grants of less than \$20,000. On its own, the centre receives enough funding for one (unemployed) administrator, and the companies rent the facilities separately. Most of the artists devote their lives, like those actors, to full-time jobs and all of them live below the poverty line. Performances take place in as informal atmosphere, the setting is often

recreated and hospitality is a legacy. These new-wave companies have clearly questioned what D. Ann Taylor of Valerech's *Summer Sisters* called "the traditional setup with the audience and performers in the mandatory position—the audience eating the coffee, smoke, watching the profiles on stage."

None of the companies is happy with the scene as a theatre space, however. "There are no real theatres in Toronto, just warehouses with four chairs and three lights," explains Theatre Bellad's Victor Solitario, who leases out his top Café Concert to innovative companies. But Solitario feels Toronto is ready for a giant step forward. This summer he will lease the Palais Royal, a historic ballroom on the lakefront, and run it as a theatre club morning and night. Antonin Leoni's Thom Solokolo also anticipates "a rise in GSP every year," and he, like Rose, searches for specific environments to match his artistic concepts. The two will soon team up for an ambitious workshop production, *Tamara of York*, to be set in Toronto's Old Port York.

Tamara's secrets away from the centre and the continuing debate over space have focused the experimentalists' attention on a crucial issue: how large an audience can they reach and how desirable is it to do so? As Cynthia Grant of Nightwood says, "The stigma of fringe theatre is its inaccessibility." And the non-default Theatre Second Floor is often mentioned in this regard. This experimental theatre closed in 1979 when it became clear that after five years its total audience—estimated at 1000 to 2000 by former director Paul Letts—would not grow. The new companies are therefore keenly aware of the need to cultivate a conceptual audience.

The desire to prodigy and pen forces means that such venues as the Theatre Centre and Café Concert are committed to providing space for even smaller and more radical companies and individuals. Says Richard Shickel of AKA, "Professionalism was the centre just to keep their own five pieces flowing after doing television, film and regional theatre." Several times a year, Buddies, Nightwood and AKA present series of off-the-wall pieces that hark back to Dada and reveal the level of commitment these groups place on a decade ago. Among the professionals' recently donating services were Bette, Garret and actress Jackie Burroughs, and Kate Lynne. Even experimental theatre reflects the changing time of the times, however. Last year's *Summer Sisters* appeared in works by Jean Cocteau and Tennessee Williams, at the same festival she had suffragette and rock dressed up in a job strap.

As governments and the press demand greater accountability from arts organizations, experimental artists of their adopt an isolationist stance that they feel is necessary to their survival. "I know the audience for my work isn't there," says Solitario. "That's why I don't allow the critics to sit down with the shows killed by their ignorance." But a limited audience may discourage self-criticism, and another return to the scene of the 70s. Present Absence, believes experimental theatre in Toronto has lower standards than before. This despair with Toronto in this respect

tempted him to travel the well-trodden path to New York, but the new wave is not looking for warmer beaches to crash on yet. Says Solokolo: "Those who don't have the guts to go to find those and fortune somewhere else—the ones who believe in the society they're in." The evolution of the new experimentalism is creating powerful theatrical experiences that can raise and alter consciousness is undeniable. Catherine Taylor: "Theatre should be more like sports—spills and thrills, a triumph of some kind. Ignorance and darkness should last every night." □



Steven Arnold, Charlie Camp, Bruce Vermeir in *Passion/Death*. Jim Milne, Mel Calder in *Caveat*, a Buddies production; producers of the new goods



This month, the west added Richard Wolf's first play, *Passion/Death*, directed by Rose, a new staging at the centre, a classic warehouse venue (last August) shows with four other experimental groups.

AKA's Performance Interfaces, Buddies in Bad Times Theatre, Nightwood Theatre and Theatre Centre Lead. A First World War tale of love and betrayal, the play has been poorly received and the script has been labelled as not ready for production. Rose acknowledges difficulties—the first two acts were scheduled around two days before opening night—her reviewers' charges during a run as part of his artistic philosophy. "I don't stop directing once a show is on," he says. "There's no reason why a

audience willing to tolerate theatre in the rough. In English Canada, with the isolated exceptions of Café Holliday in Montreal and midnight shows at Vancouver's Waterfront and Firehall theatres, only Toronto has enough theatre professionals and artistic activity in general to support experimental theatre on any scale.

Experimental theatre has as many definitions as true religion has heretics. Toronto experienced an attack of experimental fever in the early '70s. Says Jim

than we hate each other."

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Some reap while others sow

By Allan Fotheringham

As the antithesis seed is sown from suddenly woe-happy Britons, the descendants are still darning that this will never be a country because of regional differences. Too much geography and too little population, as Maclean King put it. Cultural gaps. Language disputes. There are all the reasons given as to why one end of Canada is foreign to the other. All this is nonsense. There is a connecting link, a bonding cord that makes us all prisoners of one another. If not, how else could one explain the ascription by the mayor of Victoria that the racist prebilities are trespassing the talpae on Government Street is the last words of the French-Canadian members of the federal cabinet? Could anything be more clear?

Mayor Peter Polten, author of the theory, is not an one might assume—some retired colonel with a woad moustache and a classic Victoria case of the goat. He is elegantly dressed, a graduate of the Harvard School of Business Administration, a man who grew such as the Ford dealership in the days before Japan taught Detroit that the car was no longer attractive.

The aptly named Polten does tend to fit about a bit, being one of the few politicians who has been in the Liberal party. He was once president of a Victoria-area Liberal association, has unsuccessfully as a Social Credit candidate, was very chummy with Dave Barrett's NDP government a decade ago and turned down their entreaties, in fact—and has pondered with provincial Conservatives as to candidate possibilities. A vote, you would say, for all seasons and no conversion with the horridness underlined link between the sexual habits of the Trudeau ministers and the talpae in Victoria.

The problem, you see, is the proliferation of prostitutes on the downtown streets of too many booming western cities, where the men find the paired talpae figure that here is one back Alton. He is not going to get blurring it on the federal platform to Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Suncoast News.

outlaw the world's oldest profession, Mayor Polten told the Victoria Police Board, "maybe some of the members of Parliament with their sexual proclivities don't want to think about this." The mind—ever suspicious—leaps to the sexual proclivities of Stanley Knowles, Joe Clark and Eugene Whelan But, no, Peter Polten had something else in mind. Not wanting "to sound like some kind of kooky from Calgary," he later explained that "we've got a universal small liberal attitude toward law enforcement in Ottawa," adding helpfully "And you've had lots of quiet scandals."



in the House." Pressing on "I know it's a French-Canadian-dominated government, and the French-Canadian are extremely liberal in this attitude. I'm not making any moral judgment on it (because not) because that's one of their standards. I'm just questioning why the hell we haven't had this legislation."

Well? Now we know. Not only have these French-Canadian criminal Forces, Alberta, raised the Liberal party in Western Canada and caused high interest rates, they are responsible for a plague of hoodlums preying on the tight-lipped "Watts of peaceful, golden-sounding Victoria. Quebec once renounced as the rest of Canada "the wreckage of the cradle." So little Province now not only has one of the lowest birthrates in Canada but has set out to wreck the morals of the rest of the nation. Canada, by leaving alone of the night upon the talpae. One tries to imagine which of the late-night French-Canadian members of the cabinet have devised this plot to bury 1929 the unsuspecting underbelly of

Vietnam restraint. Could it be Jean Chrétien, who met his lady when he was 15 and he has never looked at another one since? Or could it be handsome backster George Joynt? Mary Lalonde, whose family has fanned as island to the St. Lawrence for seven generations?

Mayor Polten "The prime minister says that the government has no place in the bedrooms of the nation." This is reminiscent of the kelly British landowner who announced some 20 years ago that he was emigrating to Australia because, he explained, "When I was a boy, they called homosexuals. When I was a young man, they begged them. Now they've made it legal and I'm leaving before it becomes compulsory." The Liberals have dominated the West, perched the civil service and driven John Turner into exile, but the idea that they have institutionalized democracy casts a new light upon their role.

One scenario, surely, that this is why—not more geography—the country will never unite. In Toronto, which we know gentlemen all that is good and efficient in the world is of manhood on Bay Street, its ballpark is the only one in the major leagues where one may not smile been. This is regarded as useful, while interest rates are not.

There is a link here. The Anglo-Saxons said that anything that does not touch the flesh is immune to principles of morals. Graft, cartels, patronage, the old-boy-network control of the country—all are regarded outside the world of morality. Morality, as practiced in downtown Victoria while the Taylor & the Hathaway outages rip off the obliging Yankee tourists, is something defined when ladies of the evening on inspection, no doubt carrying passengers from Tron-Korvess ply their trade within sight of the Dunsmuir-Bell legislature. The country indeed is in peril, one-half of it inundated with the morals of the other.



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